

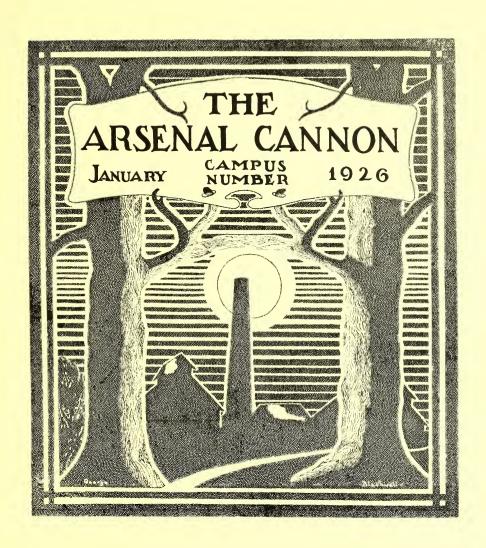
ARSENAL CANNON

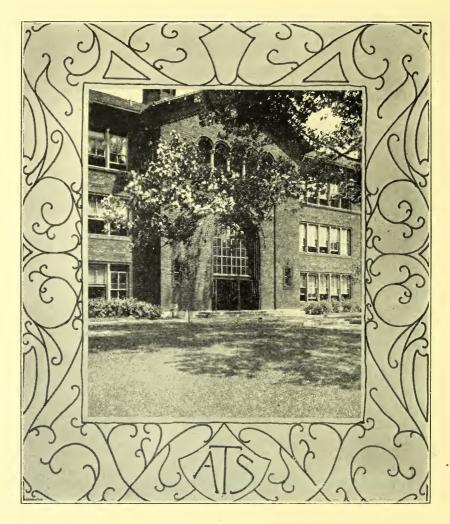
CAMPUS NUMBER

JANUARY

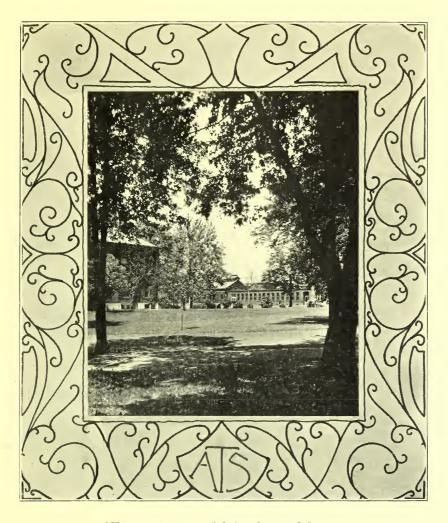
1926



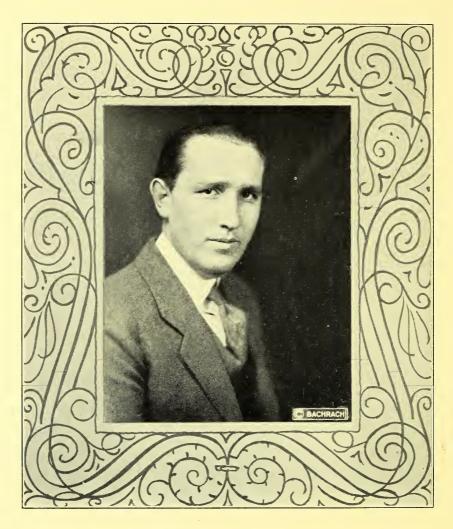




Beneath great trees we walk, To class rooms where, looking out, We gaze on towers of green Standing among towers of brick.



'Tis a picture of life, framed by Foliage of friendly growing things— Trees with overhanging branches, Slender vines, and grass, and shrubs.



To Dwight C. Park, A builder of Tech projects, We respectfully dedicate This January magazine.



They round a corner now, to see A new horizon, having solved Tech's problems here, and turn to New, profiting by those o'ercome.



Margaret Carr Secretary

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS





Richard Campbell
Treasurer



Carl Rinne





Mary Elizabeth Miller





Fanetta Hitz Song Writter



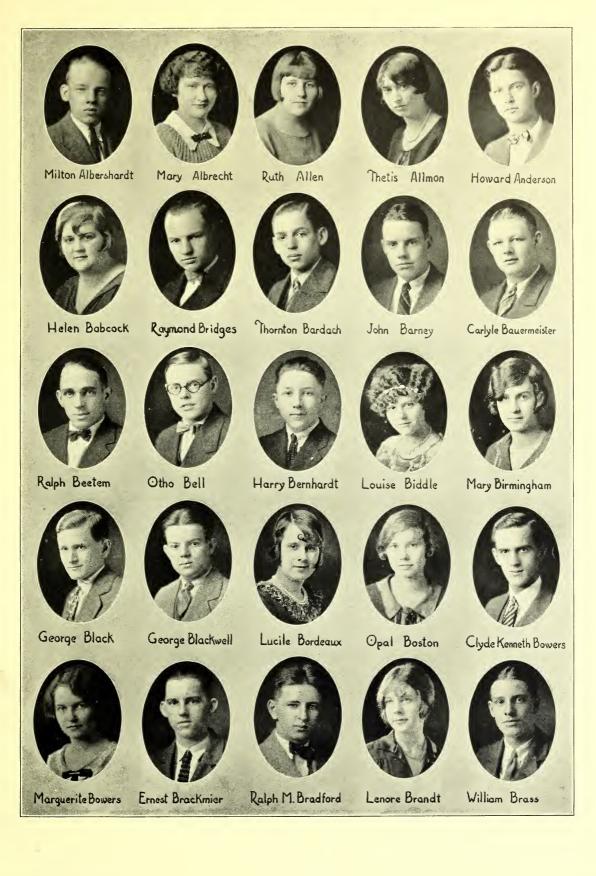
Robert Ryker Prophet

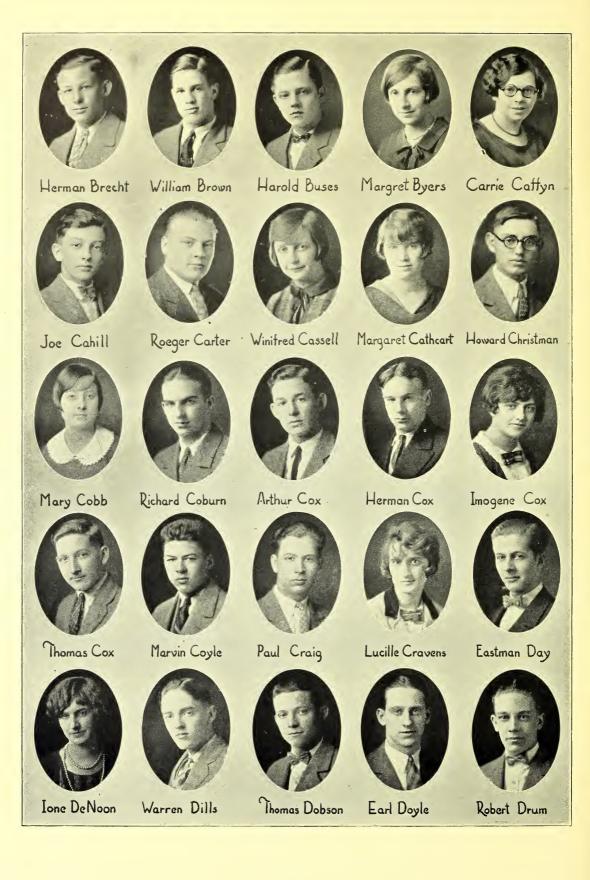


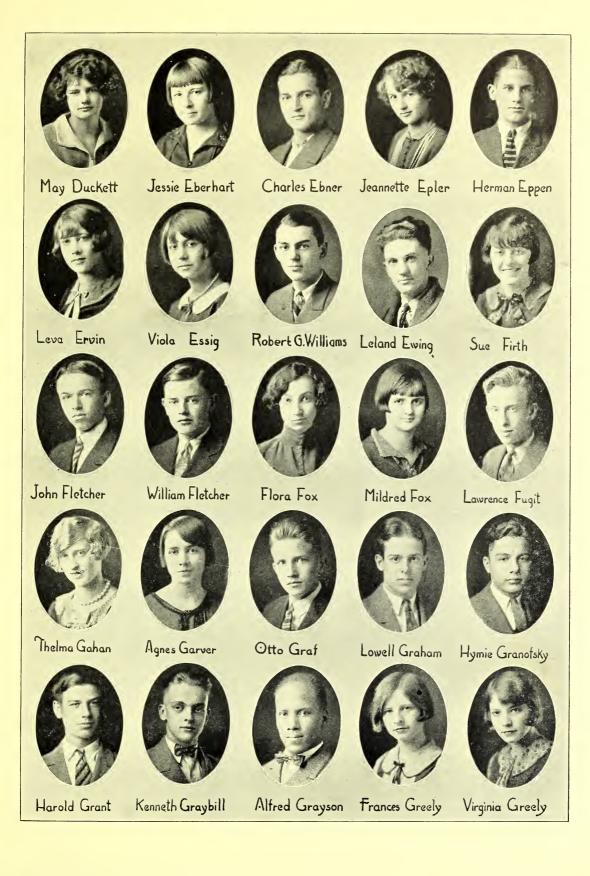
Frances Hunt George Gisler Will Makers

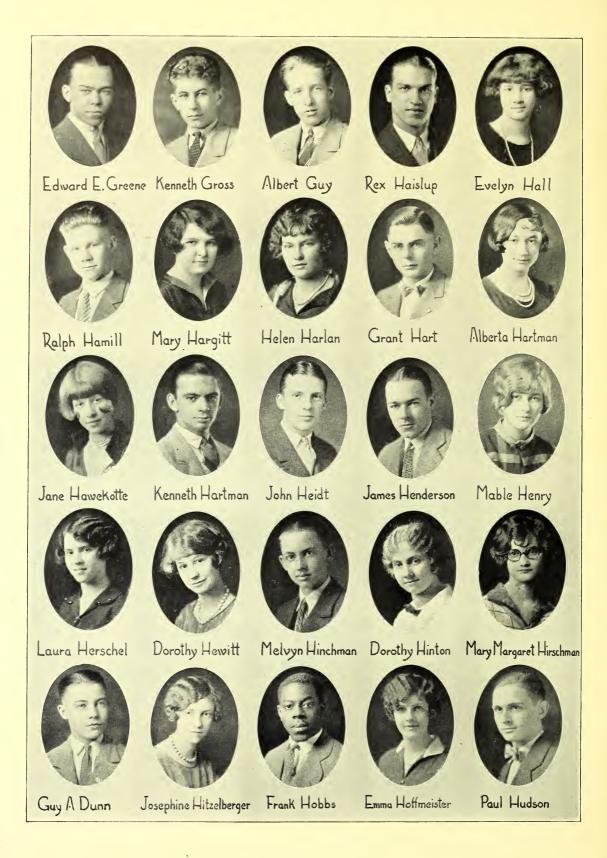


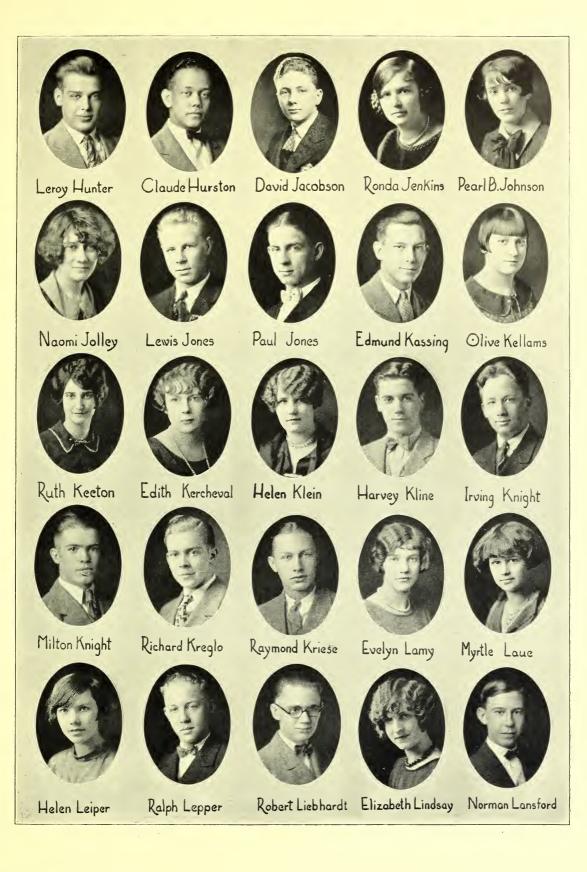
Marian Katterhenry Prophet

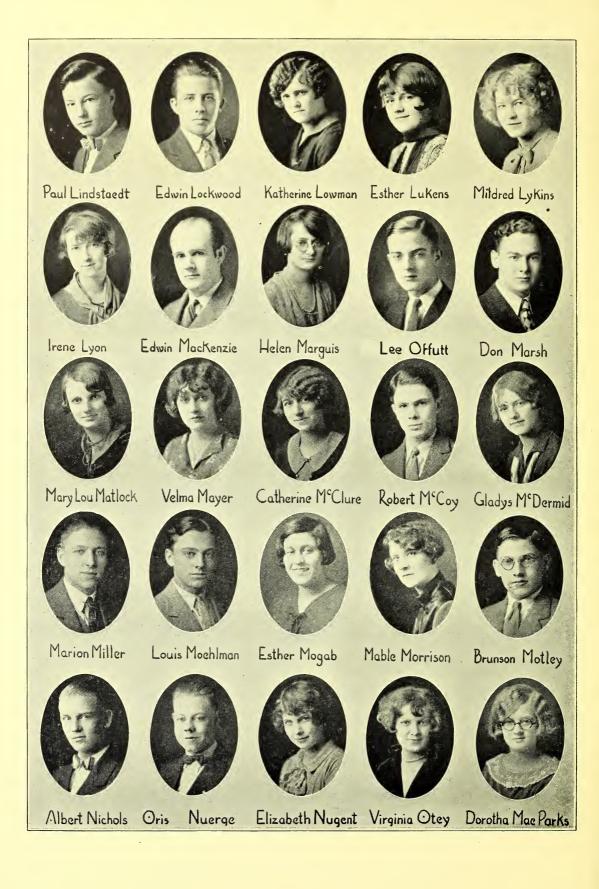


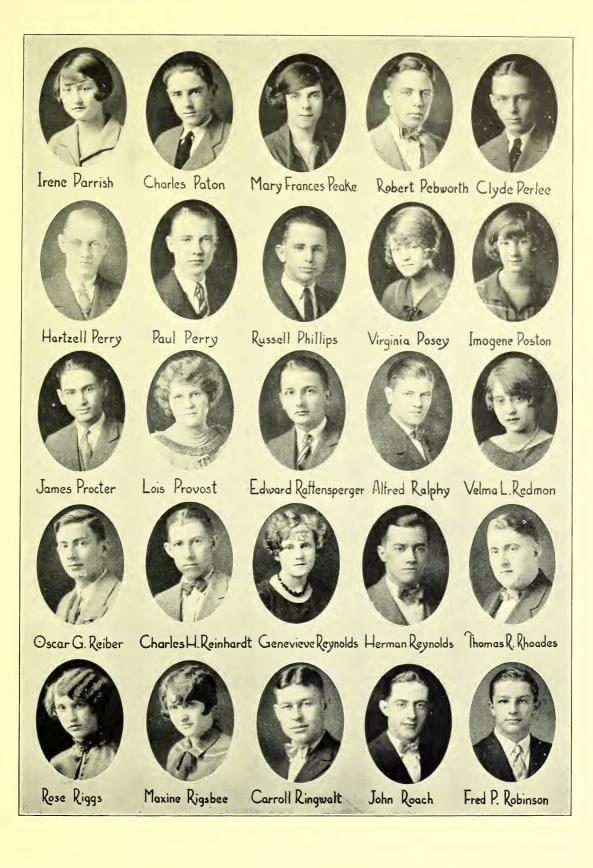


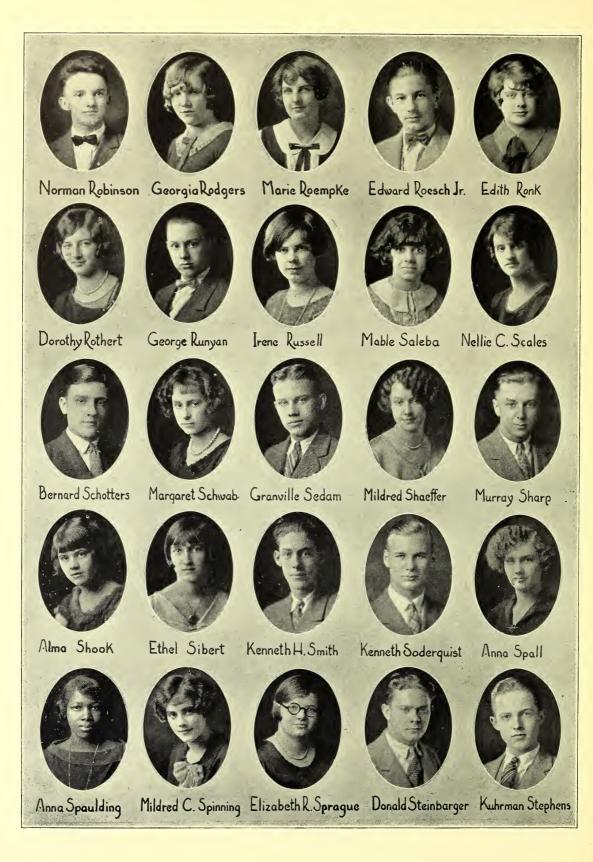


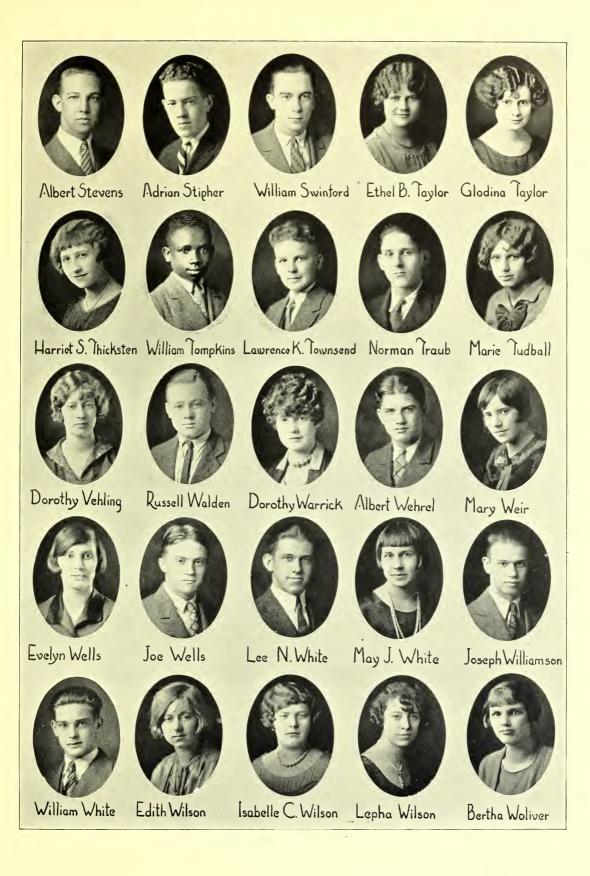


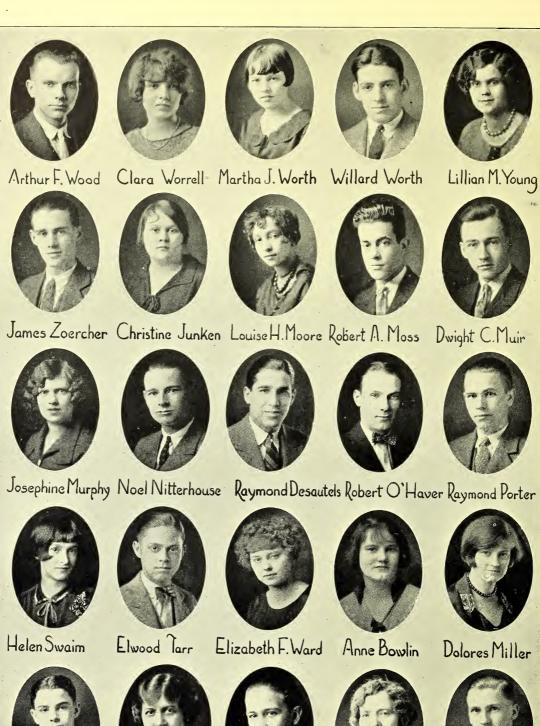














Clarence Wacker



Miss Doyle Sponsor



Dana Hannan



Miss Stone Sponsor



Harold Jenkins

JONUSTOWER DE CLOSS

During the long march of progress and improvement, this world of ours has left records on the sands of time. Likewise, our forefathers have given us history in order that posterity might profit by their mistakes and recognize their successes.

In the process of preparation for taking up the torch and tasks of life, the January 1926 senior class takes now a rare opportunity to look back and review once more the pleasant and profitable four years spent at dear old Tech.

On a certain day early in February, 1922, there might have been seen wandering about the campus of Technical High School a host of new students bearing the worried and dazed expression which only a freshman wears. Long may that day be held dear to the members of the January '26 class, for we were those freshmen, and that day marked the beginning of a new era in the development of our lives—a new phase in life in which hard work, successes, friendships, and reverses were to be interwoven in the molding of our characters.

What better setting could one desire for his high school career? The Main building, the Shops, and the new athletic field were now completed and ready for use, and, of course, there were the other older buildings and the beautiful campus.

In this, our first semester, we got a taste of victory and pride for our school. Our track team won both sectional and state titles, and our baseball team won every game along with the city series. Our R. O. T. C. unit won the competitive drill cup and was made the honor school. The freshmen were very fortunate to witness the Decennial celebration which took place on Supreme Day, May twenty-second. When the semester ended in June, it was with expectancy that we looked forward to the coming year.

By the fall of 1922, these freshmen had caught the contagious "Tech Spirit" and were beginning to make themselves known. Some were in athletics, and others were making their marks in scholarship and the various school activities. Although they were not famous as yet, there could be seen golden threads here and there, predicting future accomplishment and fame.

In the spring of 1923, the R. O. T. C. unit again put itself into the limelight by being pronounced an honor school in the fifth corps area. The rifle team brought nation-wide fame to Tech by winning the national intercollegiate rifle team

championship, and the picked squad from Tech again won the intra-city competitive drill.

The fall of 1923 was a brilliant page in the Tech football history, our team trouncing all state competition and winning the city title by impressive scores, to achieve the second leg of the necessary five toward permanent ownership of the city series cup. Two members of the squad who helped "bring home the bacon" were Carroll Ringwalt and Carlyle Bauermeister, members of our class. The diminutive Albert Wehrel was an important cog in the basketball machine of that winter.

Members of our class were also featuring in the musical organizations of the school. Besides taking part in the Band, Orchestra, and Boys' Glee Club, many aided in the operas produced by the Opera Club, Choral Society, and Girls' Glee Club. The operas produced were The Pirates of Penzance, The Bohemian Girl, The Magic Wheel, The Chimes of Normandy, Martha, and Princess Chrysanthemum. All were unusually successful. The spring of 1924 found us at the halfway mark—we were juniors. On the Cannon staff, Robert Ryker, George Gisler, and Oris Nuerge were holding important positions, and there was scarcely a club or organization on the campus in which some member of the January 1926 class was not listed.

The old story of a continuous string of base-ball victories was again repeated by another of Tech's celebrated baseball nines. The track team again won the sectional, and stood high in the state meet. Our football team broke even in victories and defeats but won a third leg on the permanent ownership of the city championship cup by again winning the city series. Our basketball team hung up an enviable record for the season even though it played the best teams in the state. Willard Worth, Carroll Ringwalt, and the elusive little Albert Wehrel were instrumental in the good showing made by our team.

Several weeks before the end of the fall se-

mester, we prepared to don figurative senior robes which would be ours when we returned in February. With the continuation of school in 1925 and the organization of senior roll rooms, we were off to a flying start for the last lap of our high school careers.



The first important event of the semester was the talk given us by Mr. Stuart who outlined for us the responsibilities and obligations which we were accepting as seniors. Another meeting was called in roll room 1, for the purpose of reading and accepting the class constitution.

Early in April, we assembled at the call of President Clift of the June 1925 class to nominate class officers. After a short talk by President Clift, we began with the business of the day. Several days later, after the nomination speeches were made by the nominees, we elected the following: Avery Shepherd, president; Carolyn Warner, vice-president; Margaret Carr, secretary; Richard Campbell, treasurer; and Allen Herring, sergeant-at-arms. After this excitement was over, we concentrated our efforts on a drive for scholarship, offsetting spring's famous malady, "Spring Fever."

At the first Indiana Junior State Legislature, one of our members, George Gisler, was a representative. George Gisler and Robert Ryker were among the Tech representatives to the meeting of the Indiana High School Press Association held

at Franklin.

As usual our basketball team, track team, and R. O. T. C. unit captured high honors, five of the members of the rifle team being January '26 seniors: Irving Knight, Kenneth Soderquist, Joe Wells, Raymond Bridges, and Harvey Kline.

The last important event of the semester was the "All Tech Night" celebration held at the Cadle Tabernacle several days before the close

of school for the summer.

In September, we returned to school for our last semester as Tech students. Each person was filled with a desire to make his last semester the

most pleasant and profitable of all.

Roll room 139 has had the privilege of having two senior sponsors. Miss Ewing had charge of us our first semester and Miss Doyle, the last. Miss Stone continued as sponsor for room 173.

Another important event was the taking over of the tennis courts on the campus from the



Indianapolis Tennis Association. This was a great addition to our athletic department, and hopes of making tennis a major sport were considerably increased.

The first item on the program of the semester was the selecting of the class colors. We chose

"wild orchid and arabesque." For the class motto we selected, "Builders, Not Boasters." Excitement reigned supreme when Miss Leah Jones announced that the play would be Merton of the Movies, and the call for tryouts met with the enthusiastic response of over a hundred people. Those who qualified for parts in the exceedingly large cast were Robert Pebworth, Carolyn Warner, Dorothy Warrick, Lenore Brandt, David Jacobson, George Black, Louis Moehlman, Lucille Cravens, Roeger Carter, Kuhrman Stephens, Rex Haislup, Warren Dills, Avery Shepherd, Frances Hunt, Helen Babcock, Thomas Rhoades, John Heidt, Granville Sedam, Mildred Lykins, Margaret Carr, Marian Katterhenry, Lowell Graham, Irving Knight, and Ethel Taylor.

By a very close vote, Bretzman was selected for the class photographer, and then began the destructive process of "breaking the camera." The results can be found in this Cannon.

During our last year at Tech, the January 1926 class had more than its share of honors and glory. Ronda Jenkins won the state prize in the Good Roads Essay Contest for 1925, and her manuscript was sent to Washington to compete for the national prize. "The March of the Nations," composed by Lepha Wilson, was sent to John Philip Sousa for criticism and received much commendation from him. Nine members of the Cannon staff were January seniors: George Gisler, Robert Ryker, Oris Nuerge, Dorothy Warrick, Velma Redmon, Marion Miller, David Jacobson, Robert Liebhardt, and Thornton Bardach. Besides many of the lower officers, the January class had four captains on the R. O. T. C. roster: Avery Shepherd, Russell Phillips, Joe Wells, and Milton Knight.

The football team of 1925, one of the best in Tech history, had Carroll Ringwalt, Carlyle Bauermeister, and Ralph Bradford among the mainstays on the line. And of course nobody can forget that all four of the Tech "pep dispensers" were members of the January '26 class. Warren Dills, Thomas Dobson, Granville Sedam, and Robert Steele were yell leaders for the season.

In the early part of November, we elected the Class Day officers: Marian Katterhenry and Robert Ryker, prophets; Frances Hunt and George Gisler, will-makers; Carl Rinne, historian; Mary Elizabeth Miller, class poet; and Fanetta Hitz, song-writer.

Now that we have come to the end of the high school stage of the preparation for "life and the pursuit of happiness," we have finally come to

(Concluded on page 23)

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT THE JANUARY 1926 CLASS

After four years in an endeavor to combine successfully pleasure with business, we, the January '26 seniors, do hereby will those things which we have accumulated in our high school careers to the favored ones who still have the privilege of attending this fine school.

To Mr. Stuart, the principal, whom we are proud to call our own, we give our gratitude and appreciation for his efforts to make Tech the school it is and for the comprehensive education he has made possible for our acquisition.

We apologize to our dear, patient sponsors and class teachers for all the troubles and worries we have caused them and vow to keep on promising to "do better" in the future.

On the June class, our worthy successors, we bestow all of our unwritten themes, our unspoken recitations, and our love of books and studying.

We will to the honorable June seniors our knowledge of books, our pep, our school spirit. and our ability as office messengers.

Avery Shepherd, our blushing president, sacrifices his highly prized, all-year-round, hand-autographed hat to his most worthy successor, the honorable Walter Johnson.

Carolyn Warner, our vice-president, leaves her ability to undertake things and accomplish them successfully to anyone who is worthy of taking such a responsibility.

Richard Campbell, our widely experienced treasurer, wills his ability to eat ice cream to anyone who can consume seven dishes of ice cream in five minutes without any apparent after-effects.

Margaret Carr, our beautiful secretary, gives her parking space in 114A for galoshes and her fur coat to Marjorie McElroy.

Allen Herring, our severe sergeant-at-arms. requests that his daily search and fight for the gavel in the second roll call be given to Byron Curry on condition that Byron keep in training.

That nice little Duane Hicks receives Elwood Tarr's noble bearing and intellectual aspect.

Ray Desautels hasn't the nerve to force his trials and tribulations upon anyone, so he offers anything he owns to anyone who wants it.

Richard Kreglo bestows upon the June class as a whole, his quiet, reserved manners and all of his extra A's.

Opal Boston offers her sympathetic assistance to the unknown victim who may in the future have charge of "Senior Roll Room Attendance."

John Heidt leaves his Ford sedan and one wellworn, perfectly useless flat spare tire to Norman Hammer, providing the latter can get more than fifteen people in the vehicle.

Dorothy Warrick graces Virginia Seeds with her green choker beads, her ponjola bob, and her ability to act.

Paul Hudson leaves his "Charleston" ability to the pale and delicate Kern Knox.

Even if she doesn't need them, Evelyn Garrett receives "Peg" Bowers' gorgeous complexion and her trim, good looking clothes.

Rex Haislup and Lowell Graham bequeath one marred and battered pair of dice to Robert Mauk and Harold Langsenkamp with directions to "Shake Well Before Using!"

Robert Pebworth leaves his rosy cheeks and his aeroplane ties to "Johnnie" Nickerson, providing he treats the fragile darlings with extreme care.

William Brass and Fred Robinson leave five packages of Wrigley's chewing gum to Harry Von Burg and Rush Stewart. Dose: Two sticks before each class accompanied by thorough and audible mastication.

Carl Rinne leaves to sweet little Harold Love his precious book of *Who's Who And Why*, with special instructions to read the chapter on "How To Get Places Without Doing Things."

Mable Henry and "Betty" Lindsay bequeath their treasured antique jewelry to Kathryn Bigler and Dorothy Moore with the warning that "Things are not always what they seem."

Catherine McClure and Lucille Cravens leave their sweet dispositions to the June senior class as a whole and to its sponsors. Lucky people!

Mildred Lykins leaves her dazzling blonde beauty to Mary Jo Lizius, providing the latter eats at least one pretzel

for lunch each day.

Roeger Carter and Helen Babcock each bestow upon Charles Smuck and Rosalind Taylor ten well-meant pounds of their superfluous avoirdupois.

The Greeley sisters leave their charming ways



and the few times they have talked in their career at this noble school to Jeanette Harris and Dortha Bruns, two other nice little girls.

Irving and Milton "Knights of the Lunch Room Table" leave their tuneful voices to Paul

Schmidt and Mayburn Landgraf.

Maurice Smith in a burst of generosity wills a "million dollars in good luck" to "happy-go-

lucky" Carl Hageman.

Charles Ebner, our quiet, bashful, blushing, good looking friend, requests that his antipathy for the fairer sex be left to timid, retiring Paul Bailey.

Leroy Hunter and Lillian Young will their daily walk over the campus to Tom Conway and

Grace Avels.

Mildred Spinning leaves her ability to "tickle the ivories" and her charming personality to Ruth Ebner.

That beautiful "cauliflower ear" of "Corky" Bauermeister is left to the next June class for their class flower.

Howard Anderson commits his leather puttees, his loud voice, and one threadbare "William Tell" tie to Charles Traylor.

To the youthful John Little is given "Bob" Ryker's aptitude for breaking chairs, for writing sports articles, and for running to lunch.

Although Evelyn Garrett does not really need it, Jane Hawekotte wills her charming personality and ever-present pep that has made her popular.

George Black wills his quiet dignity and coal

black hair to Norman Brinsley.

Thornton Bardach gives his "gift of gab" to anyone in the June class who can speak three hours at a time without taking a breath.

Ethel Taylor requests that her long hair be left to "Art" Stevenson if Art will solemnly

promise to keep it marcelled.

Carrie Caffyn and Kenneth Soderquist will their uncanny knowledge of tit-tat-toe to Barbara Bridges and Harold Berkowitz with the hope that they may also while away many hours at this harmless pastime.



"Sam" Bradford surrenders his privilege of yelling, "Who else wants a football ticket?" to Miss Doyle to use on the next January class.

Eastman Day wills his knowledge of the human heart and red blood corpuscles to any pretty girl who likes physiology.

Winifred Cassell cedes her adorable laugh to that serious Martha McLaughlin, hoping that Martha will keep it tuned and will use it only when necessity demands.

Warren Dills wills his efficiency in breaking cameras together with three and a half faded

proofs to Richard Fox.

Kurhman Stevens bequeaths his vast knowledge of Virgil to Miss Barnett on the condition that she use it on anyone who is brave enough to take Latin VII or VIII.

Ellsworth Ewing wills his ability to create amusement and excitement in the second hour roll call to Raymond Bennett, if the latter promises never to use T. N. T. as a last resort.

Melvyn Hinchman requests that his superfluous A's and his place in the lunch line be left to Ivan Lynch.

Ronda Jenkins leaves her artistic ability and her tendency to win prizes to Elizabeth Dawson.

Dana Hanna and Richard Layton will their clear complexions and good looks to any girl who will consistently use Pond's Two Creams.

Edward Greene and Granville Sedam leave their ability to lead yells to Miss Thuemler, to be given to our future yell leaders.

Grant Hart wills his sensational tennis play-

ing to Lawrence West.

Marian Katterhenry wills her ability to shout "Here come the Romans!" to Katherine Gibson.

Carroll Ringwalt, Willard Worth, and Albert Wehrel bestow their skill in athletics on the handsome "Tommy" Robinson and all future Tech teams.

To persevering but needy Roland Guyer is given Clyde Perlee's excess knowledge of American government and the constitution.

Oris Nuerge wills his position as circulation manager of the Cannon to anyone who can memorize the names of every Cannon subscriber.

Clarence Wacker leaves his ability to talk anywhere, and on any subject to Ralph Kenney.

To Thelma Kinnaman is given Clara Worrell's skill in making straight hair look naturally curly.

Raymond Bridges bestows his talent for playing the "uke" and the "shoe horn" on imper-

turbable Shellev Givens.

Murray Sharp confers his impassive and apathetic nature to "Jack" Groninger in hopes that it will neutralize Jacks impetuous and mischievous characteristics.

Mary Birmingham willingly gives up her position as secretary in room 114A to any honor

(Concluded on page 23)

PROPHECY OF THE JANUARY 1926 CLASS

President Avery Shepherd and the two and a half hundred other January 1926 seniors of Technical High School were, to say the least, startled when they found themselves flying off millions of miles into space to the planet, Saturn. Even Mildred Spinning with all her prophetic tendencies little guessed or imagined the thrilling experiences and dire sequels that were to follow this unexpected hop through the ether.

And it was all because Edwin MacKenzie broke the universal law of gravitation by walking on air the morning after he received a plus

in English!

Astronomers in several of the large observatories thought the flying mass of graduates to be some new comet and Helen Babcock and Roeger Carter, accompanying satellites. Speedy David Jacobson slowed down his terrific flight to the pace taken by the rest of the class by opening the umbrella which he was carrying.

Nearly everybody landed together in the heart of a Saturnian forest, but there were few casualties because many lit on rubber trees. Carlyle Bauermeister splashed half the water from a small lake, but enough was left to float him close to shore where he was lassoed and

saved by Cowboy Albert Stevens.

Immediately upon arriving, the former Tech students organized. Carroll Ringwalt was elected commander of the protection committee composed of Ralph Bradford, Willard Worth, and Albert Wehrel. These huskies guarded the pass leading into the secluded valley in which the Earthians found themselves.

Under Joe Wells a complete military unit was organized to fortify the place. Oscar Reiber immediately proceeded to draw up plans for a

city.

Everywhere signs of former occupation were found, Brunson Motley bringing to light a stack of lumber and Don Marsh finding a large

supply cave full of grain and edibles.

Shortly after dusk came chaos. With blood curdling clamor and fiendish shrieks a multitude of tiny Saturnians attacked the pass. Swarming from their village by hundreds, they tried to push back the defenders from their vantage point. But the football and athletic training of Tech's former stars counted, and the desperate plunging attack of the Saturnians did not gain.

The military group made a counter from high up on the hill. Through the heroic work of John Barney, Howard Anderson, and Milton and Irving Knight the little invaders were driven back to their city. Throughout the night sounds of bustle were heard in the Saturnian town,

morning finding it vacated.

In the morning Robert McCoy, Albert Nichols, and Oris Nuerge reconnoitered and reported that the planet men had "pulled stakes." It took a long and heated debate to convince the Earthians that it would be best to move into the city. Robert O'Haver led the faction that wanted to remain outside and eventually starve, while Charles Paton and Imogene Poston wanted to take possession.

A few weeks of work found the town prosperous and happy, with all the necessary vocations filled, all public officials in office, and

everybody doing his bit.

On a platform calling for revamped telephone service and better street lights, Avery Shepherd was elected mayor. On the same popular ticket Allen Herring became chief of police and Thornton Bardach, head detective.

The first trial that came up under Judge Ellsworth Ewing caused so much scandal and so many riots in the court that the reserves—Robert Drum, Rex Haislup, and Lawrence Fugit—had to be called upon to restore order. Ronda Jenkins was charged with bootlegging, having been slated three times. The state reporter, Mary Birmingham, proved accurate in taking evidence.

Over the defense put up by Grant Hart, prosecuting attorney, Edward Greene drove home point after point to lead to the heavy verdict of fifty days at hard labor. Such prominent citizens as Leland Ewing, Ernest Brackmier, Paul Craig, Marvin Coyle, Lucille Cravens, Raymond Desautels, William Fletcher, and Leva Ervin served on the jury which convicted Ronda.

On the following morning Dorothy Warrick's daily scandal sheet printed the disgrace, running a fifteen column story on the trial. Within four minutes after this paper had left the press,

Jeannette Epler's publicity slingers had distributed copies throughout the city.

When this paper was brought to Richard Campbell, president of the Interplanital Bank, he nearly fainted, giving Detective Bardach a clew. Upon a rigorous inves-



tigation, the whole bank proved to be a shady affair. A still was found in one vault and nothing at all in the other.

The ultimate outcome of Bardach's clew was the changing by John Fletcher of cashier cage bars for prison bars. Campbell got off scot free.

For weeks after the first fight with the Saturnians, the hospital of Drs. Sue Firth and George Black did a thriving business. It was even necessary to hire Viola Essig, Eastman Day, and Ione DeNoon as internes.

Acting as both director and manager, Warren Dills opened the Planetation theatre, featuring Robert Pebworth and Helen Swaim as leading man and vampire, respectively. Opal Boston, Marguerite Bowers, and May Duckett had parts, while Lenore Brandt was in the ticket office.

One morning Lowell Graham and Helen Harlan had toothaches. Winifred Cassell, who saw a chance to become rich quick, became a dentist. Toothaches were popular from then on.

William Brass set up a grocery on the public square, which undersold every other grocery in town—there being no others. Bill had Imogene Cox waiting on customers, Richard Colburn taking orders over the telephone, and Ralph Hamill delivering. This combination worked so well that all Bill had to do was play tit-tat-toe with Kenneth Soderquist, his partner.

Lawrence Townsend installed an ice cream parlor and drug store across the street from the grocery, founding all business on the principle—CASH IS SWEETER THAN CREDIT.

Otto Graf opened a music shop, selling such instruments as musical rocks and unmusical rocks. He advertised that such famous players as Lepha Wilson, George Gisler, and Thomas Dobson used his stones.

But the most unique of all was the book store of Harold Grant. The prospective buyer had to place his order months ahead, stating the name, subject matter, and price of the book desired. Then Harold wrote the book.

Three months passed before anybody noticed the need for a barber. But farsighted John Heidt



had prepared for the difficulty, his shop materializing into a veritable tonsorial paradise. Paul Hudson and Kenneth Hartman were his assistant shearers, while Naomi Jolley, Emma Hoffmeister, and Helen Leiper gave facials, manicures, and shampoos.

Maxine Rigsbee was the dressmaker of the town, and James Zoercher made men's suits.

Out on the outskirts dwelt nine farmers: Robert Liebhardt, Richard Layton, Harvey Kline, Paul Jones, Clyde Perlee, Russell Phillips, Raymond Porter, Noel Nitterhouse, and Paul Perry.

Marion Miller, Dolores Miller, and Mary Elizabeth Miller went into a joint partnership, and took charge of the town mill. The hard working townsmen had such appetites that business increased in volume for the millers who were forced to hire Esther Mogab, Velma Mayer, Mary Lou Matlock, Edward Raffensberger, Rose Riggs, and Thomas Rhoades to hold down the grist stones and slice the flour into chunks.

Otho Bell and Lucile Bordeaux established a bakery which baked excellent bread.

Arthur Wood installed a musical shine parlor in his back porch. Lillian Young, who mended David Jacobson's umbrella, started an umbrella factory, and Joseph Williamson invented a kind of gum drop machine which tossed rather than dropped the gum.

dropped the gum.

Granville Sedam made an airplane which really flew. One day, venturing too far from Saturn's atmosphere, he came back to earth. Flying above Indianapolis, he dropped a note to Miss Doyle and Miss Stone. In it were these statistics and this information.

It was caught by Miss Bruhn and turned over to the press for publication. Granville flew back to Saturn, its rings, and its marooned Earthians, where, we suppose, he remains to this day.

Marian Katterhenry Robert Ryker

January '26 Class Song

Four years of happiness we have spent here.
And our departure is drawing near.
Outside your gates we start facing the world
Leaving the school we love dear.

Buildings and campus and all we love here, We shall remember in all coming years, And every honor we'll place at your door (we) Wish you success evermore.

(Chorus)

Dear Old Tech High—we must now bid you farewell.

Weeks, months, years, we've spent under your magic spell,

Leading, guiding, you've pushed us on to our

Here's wishing good luck to you, to dear Tech, And now we must bid you farewell.

FANETTA HITZ

1926 Senior Committees

FINANCIAL: Richard Campbell. Edward Raffensberger, Thornton Bardach, Herman Brecht, and Lawrence Townsend.

Mотто: Jeannette Epler, Mary Birmingham, John Fletcher, Brunson Motley, Louis Moehl-

man, Anna Spall, and Dorothy Hewitt.

Color: Evelyn Lamy, Helen Swaim, Louis Biddle, George Blackwell, Ione DeNoon, Mary Lou Matlock, Pauline Weaver, and Sue Firth.

PLAY: Don Marsh, Rex Haislup, Clyde Perlee, Ethel Taylor, Katherine Rinehardt, Velma Redmon, Flora Fox, Lawrence Fugit, and

Marian Katterhenry.

Social: Lois Provost, Elizabeth Lindsay, Irving Knight, Fanetta Hitz, William Fletcher, Murray Sharp, Carl Rinne, Mary Miller, Opal Boston, Imogene Perrin, William Brown, and Robert Moss.

Scholarship: Richard Kreglo, Kenneth Soderquist, Edward Roesch, Marion Miller, Clarence Wacker, George Black, Ralph Bradford, Harold Buses, and Thomas Dobson.

PROJECT: Howard Anderson, Warren Dills, David Jacobson, Lucile Bordeaux, Rose Riggs

Mildred Shæffer, and Granville Sedam.

CLASS DAY: George Gisler. Glodina Taylor, Robert Ryker, Lepha Wilson, Elizabeth Sprague, Otto Graf, Mildred Spinning, and Nellie Scales. Announcement: Katherine Lowman, Irene

ANNOUNCEMENT: Katherine Lowman, Irene Lyon, Esther Lukens, Milton Knight, Martha Worth, Norman Traub, and Edmund Kassing.

PICTURE: Robert Liebhardt, Margaret Cathcart, Harold Grant, Olive Kellams, George Runyan, Elwood Tarr, Joe Williamson, and Otho Bell.

PIN AND RING: William Brass, Allan Harris, Mary Albrecht, Herman Eppen, Charles Paton, Albert Meister, and Edward MacKenzie.

Class Poem

The anchor is lifted,
The ship's leaving port,
We sail on Life's voyage today,
With decks cleared for action,
Flags flung to the breeze,
And with crew trained for right,
We'll make a brave fight,
Exploring the unchartered seas.
Our vessel's sea-worthy
We built it with care
For "Builders, not Boasters" are we,
We'll weather Life's gale
And reach the home port,
Whate'er we encounter at sea.

MARY ELIZABETH MILLER

(Concluded from page 20)

student who can also exceed the speed limit on a Remington.

Thelma Gahan, the "Queen of Alibi Framers," leaves this accomplishment to Julia Clemens.

Thomas Dobson, our dashing young yell leader, leaves his high school career, lined with many split infinitives and dangling participles, to Vaughn Gayman.

Quiet Martin Barnett receives Harold Buses' knowing smile and good-natured laugh.

Velma Redmon, speedy typist, reluctantly parts with her Russian boots. Helen Hanks is the receiver of these much coveted possessions.

Lepha Wilson and Otto Graf, musicans in a class by themselves, favor the June seniors with the many hours they have spent entertaining us.

Marion Miller, sophisticated editor of the Arsenal Cannon, wills to Jack Merriam all of the long hours he has spent in a futile attempt to re-establish modesty and reform womankind.

Pearl Betty Johnson wills her seat in roll call to a girl in the next January class who has brown

eyes as pretty as her own.

Harvey Kline wills his fruitless endeavors to make a perpetual motion machine to David Clarke with instructions to take a large and concentrated dose before every meal. We hope that this will have no effect on Dave's jaws.

Everyone in the January class who has a yellow slicker wills it to anyone in the June class who hasn't the privilege of owning one.

And now, having completed this mournful task, we hereby affix our signatures to the Last Will and Testament of the January 1926 class.

FRANCES HUNT GEORGE GISLER

(Concluded from page 18)

the full realization of what Tech has meant to us, and we take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the unlimited patience, deep interest, loyal cooperation, and the efforts displayed by the instructors and sponsors.

We sincerely hope that our characters will reflect nothing but honor and glory on dear old Tech, and that our achievements may prove in the future to those who come after us that we were "Builders, Not Boasters."

CARL RINNE





Merton of the Movies

M . C'11 D 1 . D 1 . 1	34 . 134
Merton GillRobert Pebworth	Muriel MercerMildred Lykins
Amos GashwilerGeorge Black	Actresses (Marian Katterhenry
Elmer HuffLouis Moehlman	Actresses SMarian Katterhenry (Margaret Carr
Tessie KearnsLucille Cravens	Another CameramanJohn Heidt
Casting DirectorLenore Brandt	Max, the ViolinistGranville Sedam
J. Lester Montague David Jacobson	Mrs. Patterson Helen Babcock
Sigmond RosenblattRoeger Carter	Mr. WaldbergThomas Rhoades
WellerKuhrman Stephens	PromptressEthel Taylor
His CameramanAvery Shepherd	
The Montague GirlCarolyn Warner	Edward Raffensberger
Jeff BairdWarren Dills	Business Committee Richard Campbell
Harold ParmaleeRex Haislup	Joe Cahill
Beulah BaxterDorothy Warrick	Proporty Committee (Mary E. Miller
MaidFrances Hunt	Property Committee Mary E. Miller William Brass
	Costume Committee Catherine McClure
Attendants	Robert Drum

My Night

Moonlight on the cabin walls,
And quiet and warmth and peace—
A murmur of a distant falls

Foaming to the East.

A tiny sleepy lizard creeps Along the cabin chinks.

A wee star through the shingles peeps, And blinks, and winks, and blinks.

The distant "plunk" of a bullfrog, A night owl's eerie call—

And to think as I lie on my sweet hay bed I am mistress of it all.

For mine is night with its sweetness and peace, "I'm mistress of all in my sight,"

And surely the world will not grudge to me
The sounds that pass in the night.

RUTH MILLHOLLAND

Vagabondage

Oh, I am a roving vagabond,
A-wandering over the lea.
I hear the call of the open road

And the song of the silver sea.

And I travel every highway, I sail to foreign shores;

I know all of the myths and sagas And mystic foreign lores.

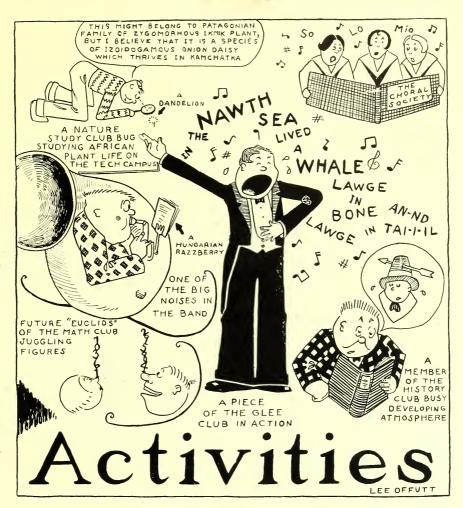
But there's a beacon always shining And it always calls me home;

It always marks a pathway straight O'er the ocean's lacy foam.

For my ship's an easy Coxwell chair; And a shelf of books, my sea;

And my beacon bright, a rose lamp shade
To mark a homing path for me.

Louise Fletcher



Advancing also they carve notches, To register the goals attained. Or leave behind them stepping-stones For those who follow 'long their way.

The A B C's of the Vocational Shops

Vocational work is lots of fun According to 'most everyone, And those who take a vocational course In later years feel no remorse.

From grinding valves and cleaning plugs To brushing off the auto rugs— All of this those students do Who sign up for Auto Shop IV, III, I, and II.

Cabinets are made at Technical, too— In which the records of me and you Are stored in the spacious office vaults, So that the curious may read of our faults.

Chairs and tables made of wood— Everything done just as it should, Thus the carpentry shop makes things That our big school, a need for, brings.

"One part cement to two parts sand,"
Is Mr. Lampert's daily command,
As in cement he does instruct—
With a final entreaty, "Don't trust to luck!"

Mr. Gillespie of financial renown Is head of our commercial "town." 'Most two thousand students this town claims; There are so many, we can't give names.

The 'lectrical course we'll speak of next. Experience is the electrician's text—And as our students wire their "jobs," They acquire experience in enormous "gobs."

In foundry shop, they play with sand And red hot metals at the command Of their instructor, who, 'tis true, Is quite well known to all of you.

In Tech's forge shop, they pound out things—Chains and hooks and also rings,
As well as various, sundry toys,
That provide in the making a lot of noise.

Cooking and sewing are taught to girls Who desire other than society whirls; To them these studies are really games—In their short life they have won fame.

Machine shop is a busy place Where everyone wears a serious face; And no one in there ever fools For, you see, it's against the rules.

Pattern making is a dandy shop.
(They say Mr. Johnson makes 'em "hop!")
They learn to whittle there, you know,
And carve out whistles that won't blow.

[26]

Repairing leaks in water pipe, Threading joints of every type— This is what our plumbers do Up in our shop building new.

The printing boys work hard each day Under Mr. Auble and Mr. Jay; Each on the CANNON does his bit; On Thursday, then, you may read it.

A course at Tech that's quite unknown, In the East Residence has its home— 'Tis there they work with modeling clay And turn out pottery every day.

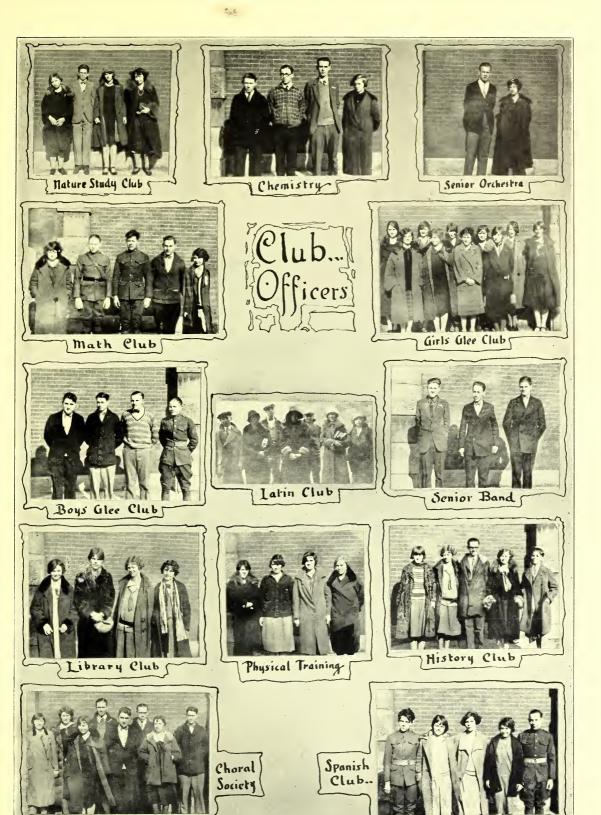
For tin cup. shovel, and funnel bright, If you want to have them made just right, To the sheet metal shop you must go; Plenty of samples they'll be willing to show.

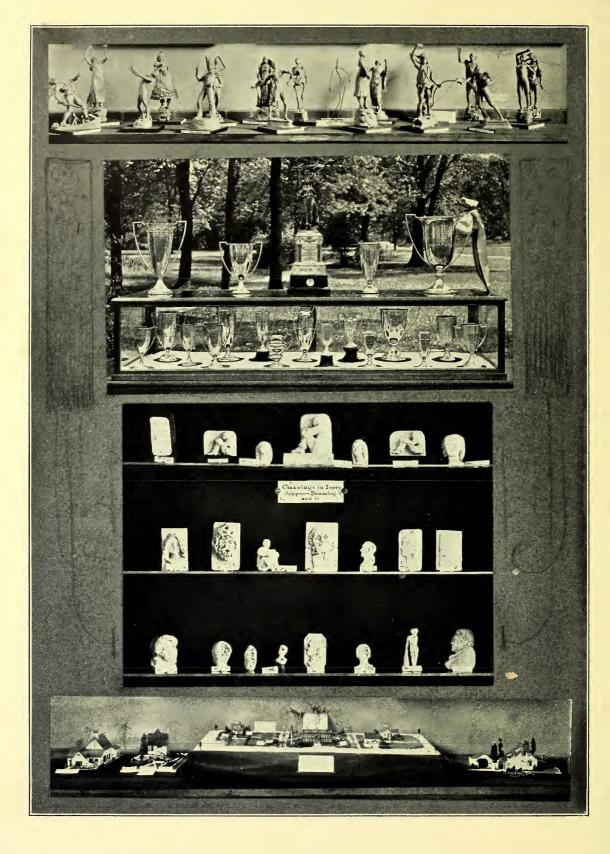
Paint, varnish, and sandpaper too, Busy as ever with plenty to do— Though the finishing shop is really quite new, It is always ready to serve all of you.

Carrots, parsnips, popcorn, and peas, The care of horses and the study of bees— The agricultural boys know their "stuff." They've never been known to try to bluff.



R. O. T. C. COLOR SERGEANTS AND GUARDS





The I. H. S. P. A. Code of Ethics

"Thus we see a code of ethics is essential for a successful high school press association because it creates a friendly spirit by establishing a common footing on which to work, because it aids in making greater and more effective cooperation, and because it forms a basis on which future conventions and their offices may work," said George Gisler, when he presented a code of ethics to the Indiana High School Press Association convention, Saturday afternoon, October twenty-fourth. The code, which had been drawn up by the Cannon staffs, represented several months of intensive study of the matter. Small printed folders containing the Code of Ethics were distributed to the delegates.

The Code

- 1. To cooperate with the faculty in supporting all school projects and in giving only constructive criticisms to such projects.
- 2. To maintain at all times a high standard of sportsmanship by avoiding personal enmity and jealousy both within the school and in interschool relations.
- 3. To refrain from publishing articles concerning the school that convey the wrong impression to those not familiar with every phase of the situation.
- 4. To avoid unkind personal jokes, criticisms, and caricatures.
- 5. To give full credit for any material which is not original.
- 6. To be truthful in reporting news, not sacrificing accuracy to make a good story.
- 7. To acknowledge mistakes by frankly correcting all errors which are brought to the attention of the staff.
- 8. To use correct English and to strive for the best style of expression.
- 9. To work as a team; not for individual glory.
- 10. To exemplify the fact that the purpose of the paper is to be a spokesman of the school which it represents, to give accurate information, and to reflect good sportsmanship.

Class Project Proves Beneficial

The public speaking classes under the supervision of Mr. Parks are carrying on a series of speeches in various institutions throughout the

city of Indianapolis.

The primary purpose of this work is to give the students an opportunity to practice the principles learned in the public speaking courses. Mr. Parks, himself, gives an additional purpose. "I wish," he states, "to direct the attention of the students to some of the great themes men have thought and talked about for a very long time." The experience is interesting as well as profitable to the students.

The variety in the character of the places before which the students have spoken is shown by the following examples: the County Poor Farm, the Plainfield Boys' School, the Colored Orphans' Home, the Salvation Army, and the

Second Presbyterian Church.

The audiences have welcomed the students and have appreciated their efforts, in every instance the speakers having been invited to return. The groups have appeared three or four times before

a number of organizations.

The work is carried on by only the "A" and "A+" students of the classes. The following have participated in the programs already given: Robert Pebworth, Orinda Mullikan, Marjorie Goble, Norman Fugit, Tom Rhoades, Alberta Hartman, Ruth Jenkins, Louis Moehlman, Jean Jeanes, Grace Avels, Paul Hudson, Walter Johnson, Jack Merriam, and Dave Clarke.

The purchase of an official Tech pin and ring is the next thing in order to strain the June senior pocketbooks.

Quick, Feed Me More!

I am the neglected waste basket standing outside the Tech lunch room. My, what poor business I have on this campus! In most places I am full and running over with paper; but here just a few scraps drift into my hands every day.

Instead of feeding me, the Tech students delight in littering the ground with potato chips bags, O'Henry wrappers, peppermint boxes, and all other kinds of paper and scraps.

Use me for what I am; don't leave evidence of your lunch on the campus!



C. O. D.

Old man Dillon secretly gloated over the fact that he was known among his neighbors and nearby villagers as "the wealthiest, meanest, stingiest man in these parts." His sweet-faced, toilworn wife did not share in his delights over this, as she had in helping him accumulate his wealth. Neither did his son Charley nor the dashing Joan, whose beauty could not be hidden by the plain gingham dress she was forced to wear every Sunday as she sat among the beautifully silk-gowned women in church.

"Ma, we ought not stand for it," said Charley. "I am almost a man, and I am the laughing stock of all the fellows around here. I never owned a whole suit of store clothes in my life. I have always tried to do right for your sake,

ma, but sometimes it is pretty hard."

Regularly, at such a remonstrance, Ma would promise that she would try to see what she could do with Pap; but it was always with exactly the same results—nothing. The climax was reached one day when an invitation came for the young folks to attend a community dance in an adjoining county. Their enthusiasm was squelched in due time by Pap who 'lowed it would cost every bit of fifteen dollars to get both ready, and this was out of the question.

Much to his astonishment, he met with the first bit of rebellion from his twin children. Joan emphatically declared that she fully intended to go, and Charley quietly announced to his astounded parents that if this bit of pleasure were denied him, he would not live at home any longer. With this, he took up his hat and departed. A dull red suffused Pap's face from his throat to his hair, yet he experienced a pleasurable thrill to think that his son was at last asserting himself.

News spread like wildfire through the village that poor Charley Dillon had been seen catching a freight train that evening and if the boy went to the bad, there would be nobody to blame but the old man.



Joan sulked in her room.

A serene quiet had settled over the house. Every night, as Pap snored. with his feet propped on the kitchen stove hearth, Ma sat by quietly, darning and patching. Not a word was offered to break the strained silence.

Charley had been gone about a week when one morning, while Pap was in the field, Squire Escott stopped in to make a few inquires of Ma in regard to the boy. How and where was he and what was the trouble?

Part of this Ma couldn't answer, and the other part she wouldn't answer. Not long after the squire made his departure, good-natured Sheriff Hudson drove into the yard, parked his familiar rattler, and, after asking for Pap, made himself at home on the front porch. When told that Mr. Dillon was in the field, he said that he would wait for him.

About an hour later, hot and tired from little work and much thinking, Pap straggled up.

"Hello, Sheriff. What brings you out in the

heat of the day?"

"Well, since you wasn't to church yesterday, I guess you haven't heard the news. Things happened Saturday night! Had a bandit in town. After taking Squire Escott's little horse, Traveler, he proceeded to Johnson's Dry Goods Store. There he covered the clerk and took what he wanted. Then, at Hadley's Shoe Store he quietly helped himself to several pairs of men's and women's shoes of various sizes. I don't know exactly what each store's loss is; that can be found out later. The point is, Elmira Jenkins was passing Johnson's when the bandit made a hurried exit and she recognized him. Now all that remains is to locate him, which I hope I don't do if she was right, although identification seems to bear out other facts of the story to be a painful truthfulness."

Pap had begun to grow strangely interested

as he listened.

The sheriff continued, "In each case, the high-wayman has impudently left his initials written some place at the scene of his crime. On Traveler's manger was written in a bold hand with black crayon the initials C. O. D. On the counter at Johnson's was the same bold receipt for the goods taken; it was also on an empty shoe box at Hadley's."

Pap uttered a groan and slumped heavily in his chair.

"And if it is true," went on the sheriff, "nobody blames the boy."

This last statement reacted on Pap as a bolt of electricity. Neighbors were blaming him, and rightly so, for the boy's waywardness.

"Stop!" he shouted. "I never raised a son to do a thing like that. And he—he never did it!" he groaned.

[30]

Ma quietly slipped to the floor in a dead faint and Joan rushed to her assistance from the doorway where she had been standing listening to the sheriff. Pap neither ate nor took off his overalls, but took his departure with the sheriff.

Late that afternoon a neighbor stopped to whisper that Charley had been located, working on Merwin's farm about twenty miles away, and that they were bringing him back. Joan asked him to send his wife over to stay with Ma, as

she had to go into town.

She slipped away and was waiting at the sheriff's office when the posse, consisting of the sheriff and one deputy, arrived with the browbeaten Charley. She flung herself into her brother's arms, and pleaded with the sheriff to let him go.

"He isn't guilty, I tell you; I am," she wailed.
"Mr. Dillon, take care of her. She is hysterical," said the sheriff.

"She is not," shouted Joan. "And if you come

with me I can prove it."

Quickly she led the astonished crowd to her home, and from her room produced silk dresses, shoes, stockings—everything missing and everything dear to the heart of a young girl. Then she brought forth a crumpled heap from the corner of her closet and dumped it on the floor. In it were Charley's overalls, jacket, slouch hat, and red handkerchief. From the pocket of the overalls tumbled a shiny, new, nickel-plated monkey wrench, which belonged to the tool kit of the tractor.

"This is my gun," she explained. "I told dad I would go to that dance, and I meant to, but I never thought I would get Charley into so much trouble. I planned the whole thing out while I was alone at nights in my room.

"I chose Saturday night because I knew that the village stores would be open. Then I slipped over and borrowed Squire Escott's horse which he lets me ride so often. It proves that he was only borrowed because I turned him into his pasture lot and locked the gate when I came home."

"Quite true," said the squire laughing, "and I withdraw all charges."

"But why," broke in the sheriff, "did you use

Charley's initials?'

"I didn't mean to be stealing," continued Joan, "and those weren't Charley's initials. They were simply instructions to the stores that furnished my outfit and to good old Squire Escott to 'Collect off Dad.'"

Pap Dillon broke the silence of Joan's awestriken audience by announcing to everyone's

surprise, "Sheriff, take this junk back to its owners while Joan and Charley get ready to go to town with me. I'm going to buy them both a real outfit for that dance." CAROL WORLEY

George Eliot

Ask any average reader if he has read the works of Mary Ann Evans and the answer undoubtedly will be "No." But merely mention the name of "George Eliot" and immediately favorite characters from *Mill on the Floss*, *Romola*, and *Silas Marner* are called to his mind.

This English novelist, better known by the pseudonym "George Eliot" than by her own name, began her literary efforts at a comparatively late age. Up to the year 1859 when her first noteworthy novel, Adam Bede, which is considered by many her most popular book, made its appearance, Mary Ann Evans had written practically nothing in the way of fiction. From this time to her death, however, a number of the most popular novels in the English language were contributed to posterity by this supposedly masculine author, whose style, though vigorous, is artistic. All of her novels, which are dramatic, are written from a philosophical viewpoint.

Pigeons

Pigeons float slowly in graceful circles; pigeons with outspread wings land in front of the lunch room door; pigeons daintily nibble at the peanuts and bits of potato chips dropped by students: gray pigeons, white pigeons, pigeons iridescent with many blues and greens, little pigeons, big pigeons, baby pigeons, crippled pigeons who have only one foot, veteran pigeons with tail feathers gone, hundreds and hundreds of pigeons.

Five thousand boys and girls pass from class to class; some hundred stand idle, waiting the end of their lunch period, waiting the beginning of their program, waiting the end of a friend's program. Will the tormenting of an unoffending pigeon afford amusement for the idler? No!

The student would as soon take a brick from the Arsenal tower or chop down one of the Liberty Grove trees as molest a Tech pigeon. The true Tech spirit will be maintained in the keeping of the tradition of the pigeons as well as in these others.



The Daily Grind

I had just stepped out of the club when I heard a low moan. Investigation revealed an unconscious man in the shadow of a lamp post. Calling my chiffonnier—I mean my chauffeur—we carried the form to the machine and drove to my residence on Riverside Drive.

The butler and the chauffeur carried the unfortunate man into the guest room while I

phoned for Dr. McBride.

Judging from his appearance, the unfortunate man was a foreigner, probably with a name that would make the pronouncer strangle, get lockjaw, or become tongue-tied. He was about fifty, dark complexioned, and very husky, although small in stature.

By the time Dr. McBride had arrived, the man had become conscious, although more or less dazed. After examining the patient carefully, the doctor found that there was more than one bump on his shoulders besides his head—evidently the handiwork of some thug.

In a few days my guest was able to walk about, but he seemed to have lost track of his past history. He said he thought his name was Antoine Garibaldisky. I forgave him his thought

and called him Tony.

He had evidently picked up his English in Little Italy, for the last letter in the alphabet

was foremost in his mind.

Tony seemed to be perfectly at ease and enjoyed the attendant circumstances with more freedom than would be expected. I had several friends who were foreigners—musicians, sculptors, and artists. Tony went with me to visit these men and proved adept at translating their conversation.

I owned a collection of valuable paintings and was constantly on the hunt for more. Tony spent much time looking at them, standing for hours at a time before one in particular—a monkey throwing a cocoanut at an old elephant.

As month upon month hurried by and the man still had no idea of the circumstances leading to his condition, he became almost a permanent fix-



ture in my bachelor home. He took only a dull interest in most things of importance but was wild about the opera. In fact, he took such a great delight in music that I became firmly convinced that he was a great musician.

Thinking that I was on

the right trail, I spared no expense to give him the best music obtainable, hoping that through this diversion his memory might return. We attended all the operas and I purchased many fine records. Every evening when I returned from the club, I found Tony playing the victrola.

As the music in no way seemed to aid his memory, I was at a loss to determine his identity. However, I was still certain that I was harboring an accomplished musician of some type. I sincerely believed him to be a fine artist because of the way he went into dreamy spells when listening to the artistry of an Italian pianist.

About this time I heard of the death of an old friend of mine in Los Angeles, who had been in in the habit of collecting antiques, among which were some paintings I had wished to possess. So, with Tony as my companion, I set out for

So, with Tony as my companion, I set out for the West. In Chicago, our first stop, Tony and I, while waiting for our train, walked about town. As we passed a large church, Tony became excited and told me to stop and listen to the music. I strained my ears and finally caught the faint sound of an organ.

Then it was that Tony regained his faculties and told me that he once had been an organist. I came out of my trance following Tony's declaration and asked him how in thunder, he, an organist, had happened to be dressed in the coarse clothes we had found him wearing, lying drunk and bruised under a lamp post.

He told me that he was depressed because his helper had died. We rounded the corner and found another organist, my protege's exact counterpart—with grind organ and monkey.

DWIGHT MUIR

Thanatopsis

The greatest of William Cullen Bryant's poetical works, "Thanatopsis," written at the age of eighteen, was originally only forty-nine lines. The name, a combination of two Greek words, signifies a revelation of death. Although considered melancholy, it expresses his innate feelings and thoughts. The opening stanza presents his cheerful conception of nature; the closing stanza gives a hope of pleasant dreams. The entire poem reveals his great love of nature and his calm acceptance of fate.

As a Puritan, the "Father of American Poetry" was more interested in the future than in the present life. So, under this great influence, Bryant wrote prophetic verses. His few simple themes are treated with such classic clearness and simplicity that it is certain he was greatly moved in the utterance of his own thoughts.



It Tolls Again

To look up and not down,
To look out and not in, and to lend a hand.
—Hale

Once again it tells the hour—the clock of Technical semesters tolling for the twenty-seventh time. It never slows nor does it stop; it tick-ticks on, lesson by lesson, hour by hour, and week by week. Its steady turning knows no deviation.

Twenty-seven terms we have kept our time by it, finding it faithful, ever to be trusted. It has not paused to allow us to turn back; rather has it directed our course forward. With no moments for regrets, no leisure for looking down, we have striven ever toward the heights.

And now it tolls again!

Shall we continue to keep step? It has been worthwhile. It is worthwhile now. It is for us to decide for the future.

And the clock is still ticking, ticking, ticking.

ROBERT RYKER

For the advertising campaign waged by Mr. Park's second hour advertising class, for the artistry accomplished on our behalf by Mr. Polley's commercial art class, for the untiring efforts of Mr. Jay's print shop boys, for the cooperation of the journalism class and of the teachers in giving us many pieces of student work, we desire to express our appreciation.

Tech Spruces Up

A clean-up campaign, staged in December and carried out by the seventh hour advertising class, had a two-fold purpose: to get the campus clean and then to keep the campus clean. In order to gain these ends, the student body was asked to cooperate in the use of the waste-containers. Certain roll rooms, members of which responded in a satisfactory manner, were made responsible for certain given sections of the campus. As a result, Tech's campus has become neat and clean.

Rattle! Rattle!

One-two-three-four—my goodness, six-seveneight-nine (will there never be an end?) teneleven-and so I count 'til my eyes blur from seeing so many of them. There! I'm at the end at last. No—there are two more, and I'm sure I didn't count that one. I begin to see the truth in the statement that "Fords take you there and bring you back"—else how can you explain it?—Forty-four Fords in Tech's parking grounds.

Cast Abroad

One of the most important and far reaching events of last semester was "Technical on the Air," a radio auditorium assembly in which the Concert Band, both glee clubs, and the Brass Octet were featured numbers. A talk by Mr. Stuart, yells by a picked yell squad, and speeches by some of the students told Tech's story to thousands of people and added one more achievement to the list of successful projects.



ROBERT RYKER

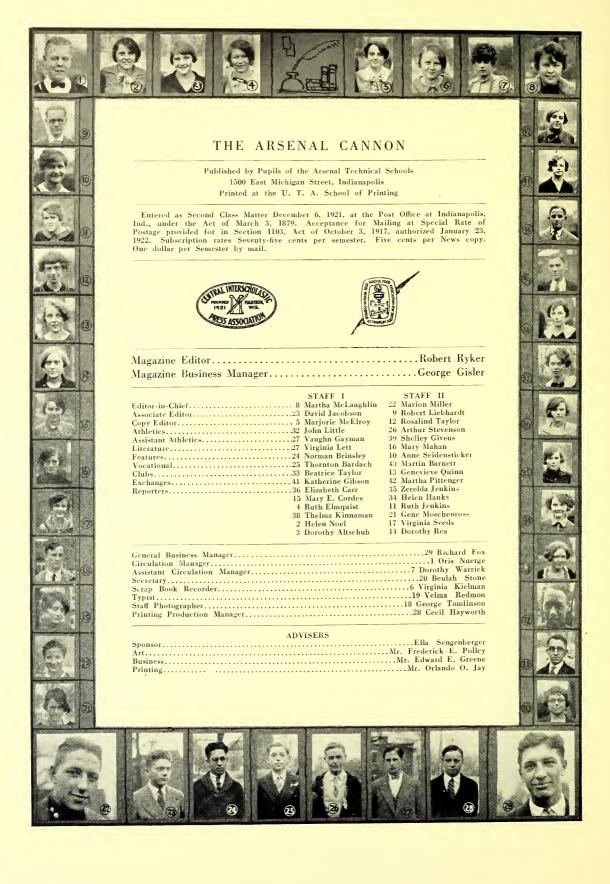
Keep on Keepin' on

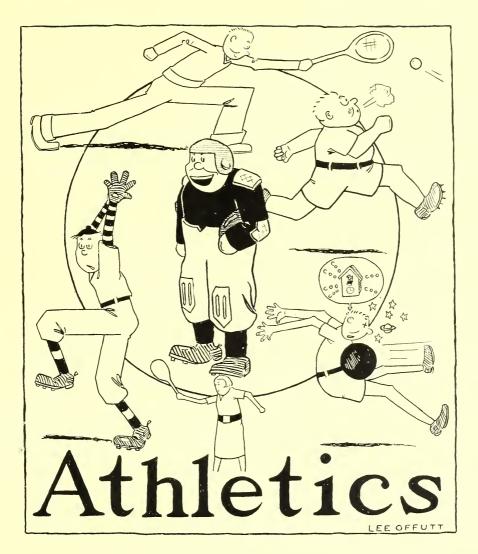
If the day looks kinder gloomy
And your chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzlin'
An' the prospects awful grim,
An' perplexities keep pressin'
'Til all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth
An' keep on keepin' on.

-Anon.



GEORGE GISLER [33]





Fighting from whistle to gun, Straining every nerve to win, Forcing themselves to give their Best, they carry the Green ahead.



LEFT TO RIGHT, FIRST ROW—COACH JOHN A. MUELLER, RICHARD FOX, VERNON LIDDEL, PAUL BALAY, DAVID CLARKE, WILLIAM BABCOCK, RICHARD CAINE, THOMAS ROBINSON, STANFIELD KRUEGER, WALTER JOHNSON, FOX THOMPSON, AND COACH CHENOWETH. SECOND ROW—ESTOL HAUSER, DON BAUERMEISTER, LOREN FOUCH, ARNOLD DEMMARY, WARREN GLUNT, WILLARD WORTH, DUANE HICKS, CARLYLE BAUERMEISTER, CARROLL RINGWALT, BOYD HICKMAN, RALPH BRADFORD, ERNIE REA, WILLIAM FRYE, HUGH MYERS, WILLIAM MORRIS, AND FRED SCHLEGEL. THIRD ROW—ROBERT MAXWELL, COACH WARREN CLEVELAND, LOUIS MONFORT, ROBERT WADON, JOHN PITTS, DON TRIMBLE, BERNARD SCHMITZ, FRANKLIN FARMER, WILLIAM BROWN, JAMES BROWN, JAMES BLAKE, RAY MILLER, IRWIN BOLES, WILL REED, LEON SALER, W. E. JOHNSON, MANAGER FRED CORMAN, AND PAUL HEFFLEMAN. FOURTH ROW—FRED FREIJIE, EUGENE SMITH, HYERIES HAMBLE, GEORGE DAUGHERTY, JOHN POLLOCK, MORRIS SALEBA, WILLIAM SMITH, JOHN GILROY, J. HANDY, ARTHUR KENDALL, WILLIS DAUGHERTY, RAY HERNER, AND HARRY SARGENT.

Sidelights on the Football Squad

Undoubtedly "Dick" Fox's best game at end this season was against Muncie. Sir Richard caught Clarke's long shoestring pass and dashed across the goal line for the touchdown that caused Muncie's so-called state championship to crumble. Fox has played football on the Green and White elevens for four years, during which time he has worked at every position except guard, center, and tackle.

Worth, as a tackle, was a rare find. Willard played a remarkably steady brand of football though he was never spectacular. He showed to advantage against South Side by stopping most of Richendollar's cyclonic plunges through right tackle.

Hicks was such a shining light all season that it would be hard to pick his best game. Although he tipped the scales at only 135 pounds, he timed himself so well that he was not outplayed all season. Duane was one of the speediest men on the squad.

Bauermeister, center, used all the weight of [36]

his frail 185 pound body to such advantage that few opponents got over, around, or under him. "Corky," although new at his job at the beginning of the season, showed improvement with every game. He was a four year man in Tech football.

Thompson, end, although playing his first year of varsity football, stepped along with the best of them. Fox started in every game but one, the reason for the miss being a badly smeared nose which rambled all over his face. Thompson also had the distinction of making one of the prettiest tackles of the year at Louisville.

Hickman was, as we have said before, the hardest hitting, tackling, and playing tackle that ever modestly donned a green and white jersey at Tech. In the Muncie game he was a constant worry to George, whom he stopped so consistently that the Muncie flash was forced to resort to an aerial game. After the Steele game, Coach Mueller said, "Boyd Hickman played the best game I ever had a tackle play for me."

"Rabbit" Adams, so named because his 140 pounds has enough speed to pass up the similarly named small animal, played his first and last year of football at Tech this season. "Bob" is a southpaw, but can make many right-handed halfbacks look like amateurs when it comes to passing.

"Tommy" Robinson, 145 pound speedy and elusive halfback, came to Tech from Monticello, but too late to satisfy the Green and White fans. This is Tom's last year, but he certainly made it count. It's not hard to see why he came to Tech a three letter man if his playing this season was a sample of his career at Monticello.

"Don" Bauermeister, "Corky's" brother, seems to share quite a bit of his brother's fighting ability. Don played in several games this year, making a fine showing. He has a bright future, since he has two years left in which to develop his already promising ability.

Paul Balay needs no introduction. This is his second year on the varsity, and Tech's opponents have all been convinced that his 160 pounds of force, combined with a mania for picking holes, is sure to average at least five yards through any defense. Balay also kicked to add extra points to his own score.

As a freshman a certain hopeful and well developed 145 pound young man played football on the Tech scrubs. That was two years back. This season Vernon Liddel held down a berth on the varsity at halfback to establish an enviable record. Two more years remain in which he may earn his share of glory.

"Walt" Johnson, who played end two years back, changed to full this last season. Walter's specialty seemed to be end runs, and the Hicks-Johnson combination was not easy to stop when it got started around an end.

"Stan" Krueger was a 135 pound bundle of nerve, brains, and speed. What it took to play quarter, Stanfield had, and on more than one occasion this diminutive quarter surprised some heavy back on the other team.

Playing on the scrubs two seasons ago brought results for a certain halfback, "Dick" Caine. This very versatile young man played in every game during the past season and managed to count up a number of points for the Green and White. Although he seldom started a game, when Richard got in, he didn't give the pigskin a bit of rest.

What "Red" Grange was to Illinois, "Dave" Clarke was to Tech last semester. Dave convinced many unbelievers that it takes brains to play football. This was Dave's last year. The

1925 team that he piloted to statewide fame will always hold a big slice of Tech glory.



By Bob and John

Will you ever forget those Manual and Short-ridge grid-grudges? We won 'em, what?

Arnold Demmary says that the only trouble with the baskets that they use in this state is that there is a hole in the bottom of 'em and no matter how many times he puts that ball in in a game he can't fill 'em up. Tough luck, Demmary.

Babcock and Glunt, our guards. Work together as pards. They're basketball dingers, They're victory bringers, Our Billy and Warren—our guards.

Say, isn't Bud Sawin just naturally a born aviator?

Day by day, in every way, sectional times get nearer and nearer.

Well, we surely hated to see Football go. He was so wonderful to us this last season. Gave Tech one of the best grid-records that it has ever had—and that's saying something! Here's hopin' our net friend makes an equally good season of it for Tech.

Outsiders say, "John Mueller over there at Tech always has a *team*." Two reasons account for this; one—the coach has *men*; two—the men have a *coach*.

Coach Mueller's principle is to make his scoring unit his entire team—not one or two men. Teamwork! Cooperation! He gets them!

As a climax to Tech's successful grid season the names of four Green and White men were named in "Dick" Miller's all-state selection. Hickman made the first team as a tackle, Hicks was a guard on the second squad, and Balay and Babcock received honorable mention in the backfield

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Tech Football, 1925

With a total of 196 points to its opponents' 48 the Tech football squad completed one of the most successful seasons in the history of the school and emerged from a most difficult schedule undefeated by any Indiana team.

Perhaps the most decisive game of the season was won from Manual by a 15-to-7 count in the final game of the city series. This game not only determined the winner of the series but it also gave Manual an opportunity to mar the Green and White record of Indiana victories.

By winning the city series this year Tech has gained possession of the school board trophy for the third consecutive year and for the fourth time since this competition began. If history repeats itself next year, the cup should be in permanent possession of the Green and White supporters.

Tech uncovered a variety of line plunges, shifts, and end-runs which succeeded in giving the powerful Steele High team of Dayton, Ohio, the shorter end of a 6-to-0 score in the first game of the Green and White schedule.

Clarke, Tech quarter, was responsible for the score when he slipped through the Steele defense on a quarterback sneak late in the initial quarter. Tech's play surpassed the Buckeyes' in every department except passing.

The Green and White walked all over the Red and Black clad eleven from Lafayette, emerging a muddy victor after four quarters of "lop-sided" football.

The Tech backs, Balay, Johnson, Clarke, and Caine, smashed through the visiting line for sixteen first downs, while Tech's line stopped all of Jeff's attempts.

A mar on the Tech grid season's results came when the Green and White traveled down to Louisville to tangle with the hard hitting Male squad, Tech losing, 28 to 7.

Clarke scored Tech's touchdown in the third quarter, and Balay's place-kick supplied the extra point. Tech hit its stride in the last quarter and battled with the Colonels on even terms, but could not sweep across more touchdowns.

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Tech									7	0	6	0-13
Elwood									0	0	0	0-0

The Tech warriors emerged from the annual Tech-Elwood fray, plastered with mud, at the long end of an oozy 13-to-0 victory. Surpassing the Elwood gridders in every department of the game, Tech was hampered from collecting a large score only by the slimy gridiron. Balay's line plunges brought the desired effect, punching two touchdowns across the line and making one of two tries for point.

Romping down the field, time after time, on criss-cross plays and end runs, the Tech cohorts walloped the Newcastle eleven in another muddy affair, 64 to 0, on the out-state gridiron. Liddel Babcock, Caine, Clarke, Adams, and Worth, all scored for the Green, while a brilliant tackle by Hickman caught a Newcastle back behind his goal line for two points.

Tech tumbled all of the Muncie Bearcats' state championship hopes by downing the Upstaters in a bitterly fought tussle on Tech field, 7 to 6. The entire Green and White squad starred, the line holding up well under the brilliant attack of the visiting back field and the Tech backs outguessing Muncie on several occasions.

Muncie resorted entirely to an aerial attack which Tech not only smothered but also outdid in pulling in several long passes that counted for long gains. Late in the first quarter a long shoestring pass, Clarke to Fox, scored six points and Balay kicked the try from placement.

Muncie scored a touchdown in the last frame, but missed the try.

Tech 0 0 6 7—13 South Side 0 7 0 0— 7

Green met Green in one of the season's best grid-battles when South Side of Fort Wayne invaded the Tech athletic camp to fall before Mueller's men, 13 to 7.

South Side played great football the first half, getting the jump on the Tech eleven, but was outplayed in every phase of play in the second half. Babcock's rampage was too much for Fort Wayne and he broke through for two touchdowns, Balay getting one point on a placement.

 Tech
 .0
 7
 2
 6—15

 Manual
 .0
 7
 0
 0—7

In the last and hardest game of the city championship, the Green again proved its superiority on the gridiron when it defeated the Manual squad, 15 to 7. The game was hard fought, and the Red and White aerial attack seemed on several occasions to threaten the Tech championship, but the determination and fight of the Green and White and the rock-like persistence of the Arsenal forward wall stopped nearly every Manual gain and, in turn, gave Tech a 15-to-7 victory.

 Tech
 0
 7
 7
 0—14

 Shortridge
 0
 0
 0
 0
 0

In the second game of the city series the Green and White defeated the Northsiders by a 14-to-0 count, and advanced to the last round of eleven.

Tech was undoubtedly the stronger team, but the Blue put up a game fight. The Tech squad resorted to a line-plunging offense and in the second and third quarters scored. The ball was in Tech's possession during the greater part of the first and last periods.

City Series Grid Cup



That famous and pathetic old song "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" has become quite antiquated and moth-eaten beside the anxious query of certain Indianapolis high schools as to "Where is our wandering cup to-day?" It is rumored that the school board was also concerned with its whereabouts since their visits to Manual and Shortridge this fall had not unearthed the coveted cup, and when they were out at Tech so many cups were on display that this identity remained a coal black mystery. However, upon the sworn statement of Mr. Stuart, it is residing in a comfortable home at present, is well cared for, and seems to show signs of willingness to remain at its present location.

Its now well-contented life is a sharp contrast to the nomadic existence which it once suffered. At one time it was driven from pillar to post and suffered many disadvantages from such travel. Grasping hands threatened its very existence, and many scheming plotters hatched dark plots to gain that fair prize which a king's ransom could not purchase. Then, of a sudden, its homing instincts were exerted. At last the fair haven was reached and contentment lay within its grasp. For four seasons it has enjoyed prosperity and happiness, and but one victory for Tech stands between it and a permanent habitation. At the last interview the cup apparently had no doubt that its present husky defenders would again repeat their past stellar perform-

Parents' Day



Tech's first official Parents' day, sponsored by the June seniors, was held on November sixth in connection with the football game with South Side High School of Fort Wayne.

Parents of the students and alumni came to the campus about one o'clock. After they had registered at the booth, a number of them had lunch in the Tech cafeteria. Then they visited various points of interest on the grounds.

The feature event came at two-thirty when all the visitors and students went to the athletic field for the game. Here a special section had been reserved for the parents of the team. The "dads" of the players wore numbers to correspond with those of their sons. Before the game and between halves, musical numbers were presented by the Band and the Girls' Glee Club.

The football game was a real thriller, the parents soon falling into the spirit of Tech pep and aiding the students to furnish the rooting which was thirty per cent responsible for the victory of the team.

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Getting a Line on the Basketeers

Fortunately, the Green net squad retained as a large part of its nucleus a certain back guard named Warren Glunt. Warren took a wonderful interest in the other team's goal last year, seeming to get a lot of "kick" out of surprising the unsuspecting forwards. From the way it looks now, Glunt still has that desire to cut down the opponents' score and, if the opposing forwards don't want to shoot from the middle of the floor, they might as well give up the game.

A promising young forward who traveled with the Tech seconds last season is Maurice Massey. Maurice is a comer, and by the time the sectional gets here, our rivals should be well aware of his presence.

"Bob" Ullery didn't go to Tech last year which was a handicap to the team because Bob knows basketball. This year Bob is showing up well at forward.

Another player is out for the center berth, a newcomer from Columbus, Sawin by name, who should prove a valuable member of the varsity.

"Art" Stevenson has had a lot of "tough breaks" this year, but he is out for center and, if he can play without a crutch, should be going good by the middle of the season.

Arnold Demmary is one of the double-threat men who play either forward or center equally well. Arnold got into several games last year and, from the showing he has made so far, he seems to have a permanent place for the season.

The diminutive "Stan" Krueger shifted from quarter in the grid squad to guard in the netteam. When it comes to speed, Stan has it.

Fox Thompson, another of the late renowned football champs, "does his stuff" at center on the net team. Fox is making a good showing, but the competition in his line is strong and so the "center berth" may have to be made for two.

Fresh from a successful season of football "Bill" Babcock enters his final and what seems to be his best season on the hardwood. Bill is full to the brim with "Tech fight" and holds down the berth at floor guard very satisfactorily.

Another former member of last year's second team who is making some of the veterans step to retain their berths is Vernon Cravens. Vernon is [40]

out after a regular place at floor guard and if Sawin doesn't display some stellar basketball, Vernon is hoping to fill that position.

"Kenny" Fischer is another new man who is seeking to get an all season pass for one of the forwards. The competition is pretty strong in this department, so Kenneth is doing his "stuff" on the scrubs.

"Little Willie" Worth tried about every position on the team for the first part of the season. Finally, he landed in Glunt's place when Warren was not on the floor; but this year that netman is striving to take "Don" Hawkins' job at center.

"Battling" Boyd Hickman has been one of the shiftiest, scrappiest, and "scorin'est" forwards on the squad this season. Hickman has been fighting it out with Maurice Massey for the high point honors and, if he continues to hit the loop at his present rate, he will prove a great asset to the Green in the sectional. Time after time the injection of Hickman into the lineup has caused a rally for the Techmen.

Turning his attention from grid work to performances of the hardwood, Paul Balay has secrued a job at floor guard this season. Paul played a great game against Elwood, breaking up a "Panther" rally in the last half.

When these jottings went to press, the season was not under way enough to get any actual dope, but all the fellows mentioned above looked good, and the season seemed to be quite promising for the Green and White.

1925-26 BASKETBALLL SCHEDULE

Dec. 5—Broadripple, here.

Dec. 11—At Newcastle.

Dec. 12—Greenfield, here.

Dec. 18—At Crawfordsville.

Dec. 19-Richmond, here.

Dec. 26-Elwood, here.

Jan. 2-Shortridge.

Jan. 9-Shelbyville.

Jan. 9—Shelbyvine

Jan. 16-Manual.

Jan. 23—Valley Mills, here.

Jan. 29-At Southport.

Jan. 30—Lebanon, here.

Feb 5—At West Newton

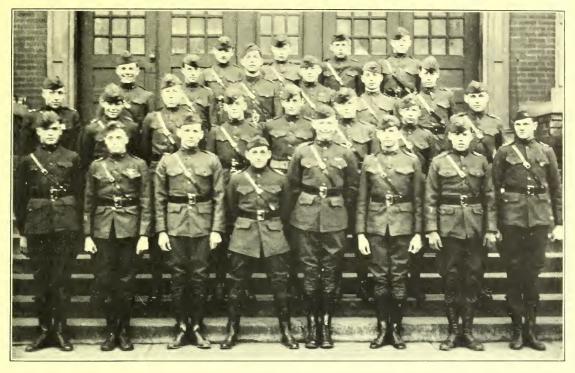
Feb. 6—Connersville, here.

Feb. 12—At Muncie.

Feb. 13—Brownsburg, here.

Feb. 19-At Vincennes.

Feb. 20-At Bedford.



THE R.O. T. C. CADET COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Reserve Officers' Training Corps

Technical is known all over the United States as one of the best of high schools; its Reserve Officers' Training Corps, as the one unit in the U. S. which has won *Honor School* four times in succession.

The Tech R. O. T. C. commands the respect of the citizens of Indianapolis because of the orderly way in which it takes charge of Tech assemblies, and because of the way the boys conduct themselves downtown while participating in parades and ceremonies.

When Miss Thuemler or Mr. Stuart wants a project put across which is too large for a small organization to handle, to whom do they go? To Major Schroeder, of course. Then he turns it over to the boys, and the project goes through because a military organization does its work without a hitch.

R. O. T. C. Collar Ornaments

"Oh boy! Look us over."

They're here at last. What? The new R. O. T. C. insignia, of course.

After many days of anxious waiting the M. T. boys can "strut their stuff." The new ornaments

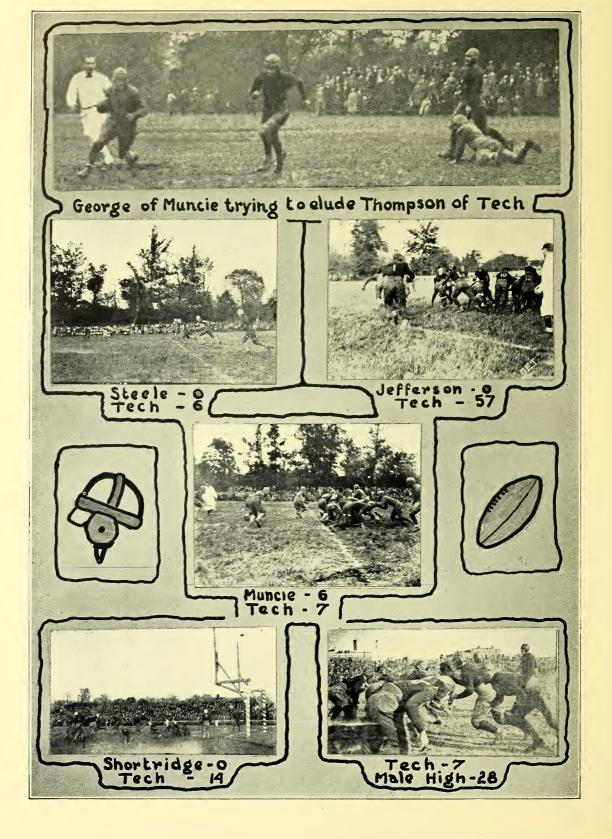
are in the form of gold plated shields with the letters R. O. T. C. at the top, a picture of the Arsenal engraved in the center, and the letters TECH in green and white enamel at the bottom. Each cadet will wear two shields, one on each side of the collar one half inch in the rear of the torch emblems.

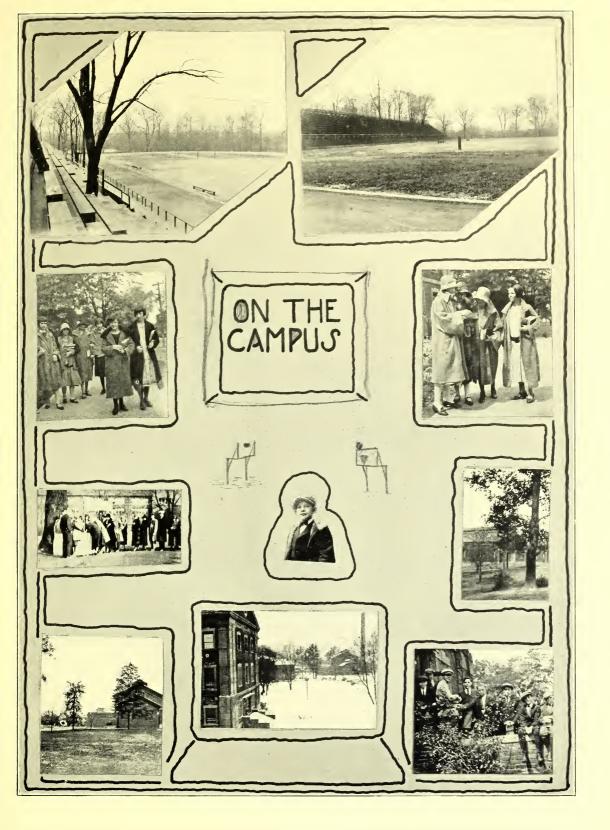
The shields which offer a worthy addition to the uniform will distinguish the Tech cadets as belonging to a unit which has maintained an unusually high average during the last four years.

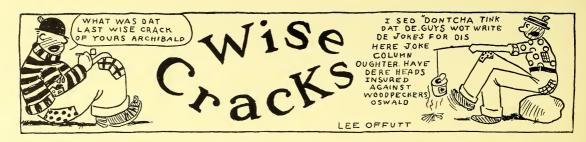
The Rifle Team

The rifle team, composed of Paul Sparks, Gerald Martz, Ralph Dyar, Roland Price, William Hensley, Jack Vestal, Paul Barr, Kenneth Soderquist, George McMath, Ray Martz, Howard Fessler, Harold Cook, Clarence Frazier, John Taggart, Carlyle Drierer, Paul Hill, Melvin Clemmons, Edward Sweetland, and Harvey Kline, has been doing some accurate shooting. When this copy went to press, no matches had been fired. As several of last year's men are on the present team, the boys hope to place in the national match again.

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Honest Confession

The House Agent: You say that you have no children, gramophone, or wireless, and you don't keep a dog. You seem just the quiet tenant the owner insists on.

The House Hunter: I don't want to hide anything about my behavior, so you might tell the owner that my fountain pen squeaks a bit.

—The Bystander.

Daugherty (in newspaper office): Say, it's awfully warm in here.

City Editor: Tell it to the circulation manager. —Spice of Life.

Egg: What were Columbus' reasons for discovering America?

Noodle: To find a shorter route to India.

Egg: Why didn't he wait 'till they finished the Panama Canal? —Idea.

Visitors had come to call on her mother and the five-year-old daughter was left to entertain them. One of the ladies, after looking at the child said: Not very p-r-e-t-t-y.

With that the little daughter spoke up: No, but

awfully s-m-a-r-t.—Triple S.

John: Great gobs of goldfish. How did you get that black eye?"

Garland: Some guy cracked me with a tomato.
John: What? You don't mean to say a tomato
did all that?

Garland: Yeah, this one had a can around it. —The Needle.

Costello: Say, Mayer, where does the Hudson rise?

Mayer: Search me.

Costello: Then I'll get licked like blazes tomorrow on account of your ignorance. —Pep.

The charging horde of the steppers-in
Marched down on the lunch-room group,
But one brave soul of the thinning line
Dared to face the maddened troop.
"Bash if you will this brainless head,
But spare my tender toes," he said.

MARY MAHAN.

Fleures Le Spring

Husband: My dear, these seeds you've ordered won't flower until the second season.

Wife: Oh, that's all right. This is last year's catalog.—The Hi-Times.

The halfback was helped to his feet amid the cheers of the crowd.

He looked dazed, but managed to ask, "Who—who kicked me?"

"It's all right," said the captain, "it's a foul."
"A foul indeed," echoed the halfback. "I thought it was a mule!"—Easterner.

Suave Auto Salesman: It runs so smooth, you can't feel it; so quietly, you can't hear it; such perfect ignition, you can't smell it; and for speed—you can't even see it.

Englishman: My word! How do you know

the bally thing is there?

Margaret C.: Is that Beethoven's Sonota? Leo K. (going closer to read notice): No, that's the "Refrain from Spitting."—Sunny.

Ray: I must get my coat down at the railroad station.

May: Checked, wasn't it?

Ray: No, brown. —The Rush Order.

Student: Could you tell me in round numbers what I made in the test?

Prof.: Yes—zero.

Teacher: What is velocity?

Student: Velocity is what a man lets go of a bee with. —Exchange.

Agent: You had better let me write that insurance for you, Rastus.

Rastus: No sah, boss; I's none too safe at home as it is, sah! — Easterner.

D. Norton: I see the Fords have nickel radiators now.

S. Northup: What! Nickel radiators? Well, here's where I spend a nickel. I've needed a new radiator for a long time.—Weekly Nuhs.

Painful Meeting

Bill: Just happened to run into an old friend of mine downtown.

Jack: Was he glad to see you?

Bill: I'll say not. 1 bent his right fender.

—The Judge.

The Survival of the Fleetest

John: Why all the puffing?

Smith: I'm all tired out. There was a fight out there and I was running to stop it.

John: Who was fighting?

Smith: Another fellow and 1.—Portonian.

Little Boy: Oh, look at the funny man, Mother; he's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel.—The Judge.

Mr. Kepner: All right, Bessie. And now what is the meaning of the word "abstract"?

Bessie Berman: Why, I can't explain it very well, but it is—well, you know—like lemon abstract.—The Survey.

Mr. Denny: 1 am glad to see all these shining faces before me.

(Sudden application of four dozen powder puffs).—The X-ray.

Roosevelt Torch

"Mama," said the little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"—The Judge.

Mr. Puckett read in a magazine advertisement, "For one dollar we will tell you how to save your gas bills."

He sent the dollar; in two days back came the answer; it said, "Paste them in a scrapbook."

—Rushlite.

Salesmanship

Lady: Are you sure these field glasses are high power?

Ambitious Salesman: Madam, when you use these glasses anything less than ten miles away looks as if it is behind you. —The Pinnacle.

Waitress: Order, please!

Student: Whazza matter? I ain't makin' any noise.—The Emblem.

Dealer: Did I understand you to say that the parrot I sold you uses improper language?

Teacher: Unbearable. Why, yesterday I heard him split an infinitive. —Mercury.

Incredible

"I knew an artist once who painted a cobweb on the ceiling so realistically that the maid spent hours trying to get it down."

"Sorry, dear, I just don't believe it."

"Why not? Artists have been known to do such things."

"Yes, but not maids!"—London Opinion.

"You seem to have had a serious accident."
"You " said the handgred person "I tried to

"Yes," said the bandaged person, "I tried to climb a tree in my motor car."

"What did you do that for?"

"Just to oblige a lady who was driving another car. She wanted to use the road."—Racquet.

Alice Flick: I fooled them.

Dot Cutshaw: How?

Alice: They made me take English, and I already speak it.—*The Booster*.

Pat: In California we build buildings on

hinges to let the clouds go by.

Mike: That's nothing; in New York 1 dropped a hammer one Saturday evening from the roof where 1 was woikin' and it hit me on the head the next Monday morning.—Exchange.

"So you don't believe Santa Claus drives his reindeer over the snows?"

"No. sir."

"You're from Missouri, eh?"

"No, sir, Florida.—Alltold.

City Bred (pointing to haystack): What kind of a house is that?

Country Bred: That ain't a house, that's hay. City Bred: Say! You can't fool me; hay doesn't grow in a lump like that.

"Why didn't you publish my romance?"

"It's too gaudy. In the first chapter the count becomes red with anger, the baron green with envy, the artist white with terror, the baroness pink with confusion, and the chauffeur blue with the cold."—Red and Blue.

Teacher: Give me a sentence with the word "eclipse" in it.

Johnny: When my brother sees a funny joke in the *News* eclipse it out.—Sprudelonian.

"That soda clerk's awful clever. He can always raise a laugh."

"Yes, he actually made a banana split the other day."—Exchange.

[45]

Why—?

I've pondered long by day and night on deep and weighty things,

On shoes and ships and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings.

And now I'd like some answers to my deep, perplexing questions,

Won't someone please relieve my mind and offer some suggestions?

Why do the little boys their raven locks slick down;

Why do they strut with lordly mein and grave and scowling frown?

I'd like to know just why they wear trousers three feet wide;

And do they think that weighty looks their heads with brains provide?

Teacher: How much of "Old Ironsides" have you memorized, Robert?

Bob: The title.

"Boy, call me a taxi."

"All right. You're a taxi."—The Opinion.

Tony and Ivan are two citizens who are trying to master the niceties of our language. When one of them makes a break, the other tries to correct him.

"It's a fine day underhead," remarked Tony. "You mean," corrected Ivan, "it's a fine day overneath."—Booster.

"Dear John," the wife wrote from a fashionable resort, "I inclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Mary," he responded, "I inclose check to cover the bill, but please do not buy any more hotels at that price; they are cheating you."

—Red and Blue.

Visitor: If your mother gave you a large apple and a small one, and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?

Johnny: D'ye mean my big brother or my little one?—Skyrocket.

Mother: Johnny, answer the door.

Little Johnny: It ain't asked me nothin' yet, ma'am.—Red and Blue.

Mr. J. D. M.: John, spell weather.

John H: W-e-t-t-h-e-r.

Mr. J. D. M.: Well, that's certainly the worst spell of weather we've had for some time.

—X-ray.

The Exit House

Al: What hotel did you stop at in New York when you went on your vacation?

Pfalzer (thinking): Oh, I remember. The

Hotel Entrance!

Al: Hotel Entrance?

Pfalzer: Yea, that's what the sign said over the door.—High School Record.

"My dear, these cakes are as hard as a stone!"

"I know. Didn't you hear her say, 'Take your pick,' when she handed them round?"—London Mail.

Son: What do they mean by the quick and the dead?

Pa: The quick, my son, are those who are able to dodge motor cars and the dead are those who do not. —The Mirror.

Mother: Come, Willie, don't be selfish. Let your little brother play with your marbles for a while.

Willie: But he means to keep them always.

Mother: Oh, I think not.

Willie: I say yes, 'cause he's swallowed three of them already.—Racquet.

"My boy, you've got to part with six molars. That bridge goes, and you need four fillings and a new plate."

"Doctor, you said a mouthful." -All Told.

Would-be-Suicide: Don't rescue me; I want to die.

Swimmer: Well, you'll have to postpone that; I want a life-saving medal.—High School Record.

Tourist: Shall I take this road to Bingville? Native: 'Tain't necessary. They already have one road there. —Tech Pep.

Miss Lotz, in algebra class: Can you add five apples and three oranges?

Pupil: Yes, you can add them, but you will have fruit salad.—Munsonian.

Father: How is your son doing in school? Second Father: Well, he is halfback on the team and way back in his studies.—Munsonian.

Protection

Mother: Freddy, Aunt Mary will never kiss you with that dirty face.

Freddy: That's what I figured. —Hi-Timer.

Why Do Girls Use Powder?

Why do girls use powder puffs? Why do they tire their arms

Applying coats of powder thick to emphasize their charms?

Why do they stand and gaze at their reflections grand?

Say, the way they stand and primp simply beats the band!!

They're always doing it, doing it, from morning until night.

The plaster upon their noses small surely is a sight.

They waste the golden hours of time and spoil the minutes few.

I guess they simply use the stuff 'cause there's nothing else to do.

Customer: I would like to see a pair of shoes that would fit my feet.

Salesman: So would I.

—Upper Iowa Collegian

Robert G.: How much is your test average in physics?

Howard K.: Got 97 in the course so far.

Robert G.: Mighty smart boy.

Howard K.: Oh, sure, I made 40 the first test, 30 in the second, and 27 on the last one.—Walnut Chips.

Gerald E.: I made a political speech in Carnegie Hall last night!

Francis O.: Really! How did you come out? Gerald E.: Limping, but wasting no time.

—The X-ray.

Jack: I went to a wooden wedding last night.
Bill: What do you mean by a wooden wedding?

Jack: Well, a couple of Poles were married.

—Normal Advance.

Teacher: James, did you get my letter?

James: Yes sir. I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, "You're expelled," and on the outside it said, "Return in five days."—Red and Gold.

Teacher: Give me an example of wasted energy.

Stude: Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man. —*Trapeze*.

"Madam, would you mind getting up for a moment? I can't bear to leave without taking one more look at my poor hat."—Hi-Life.

From Bad to Worse

Sam: I don't feel so good lately, man, guess ah got berkelosis.

Rastus: Yoah bettah go see de Doctuh, fo it gets yoah down.

Several days later Sam again encountered Rastus shufflin' 'round.

"Well, Sam, how's de berkelosis?"

"Gittin' worse—it am just twice as bad. Ah done went and seen de Doctuh and he said ah don got *two* berkelosis now."—*The Owl*.

Richard: Did you pass science?

Tony K.: Best in the class. Richard: How do you know?

Tony K.: Mr. H. told me I didn't need to come back any more.—*Triple S*.

A New Kind Indeed

Harry W.: I'm going to get a new car one of these days soon.

Claude M.: What kind?

Harry: A Mongrel.

Claude: What's a Mongrel? I never heard of one before.

Harry: Oh! A Mongrel is part Ford, part junk, and the rest rattles.—The Needle.

Wife: John, I gave you this letter to mail a month ago.

Husband: I remember; I put it in my pocket and then left the coat to have a button sewed on.

—The Weidman Bugle.

She: Dan tried to write a book, but he had to quit.

Second Ditto: Why, what was the trouble?

She: Well, on the fourth page the hero swallowed an insult and choked down his anger, on page six he dropped his eyes and his face fell, and on page seven he was struck dumb with wrath, and Dan was afraid he was too crippled by then to have as a hero so he just quit writing.

--Weekly News. ____

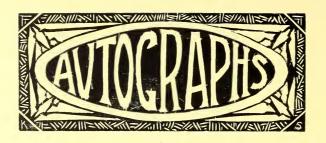
"Why is Smith taking deep sea diving lessons?"

"He is goin to Florida next month to look at some land he bought from a friend of his."—*Life*

James (studying ancient history): Why do they put B. C. after dates?

George: Because they didn't know whether the dates were exactly right, so they say 'bout correct.—Peruvian.

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Sometime when the day's work is done,
And your troubles leave with the setting sun,
When there's nothing to do but sit and think,
We hope you'll read this printer's ink.
We trust it'll help you to succeed
In keeping former times alive.
We hope it'll save at least one deed
Of the days of nineteen twenty-five.
VAUGHN GAYMAN.



